NO 12 JAN

ACE DETECTIVE PROVES CRIME CAN'T WIN

KERRY DRAKE

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR FOR THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY

KERRY DRAKE

DETECTIVE CASES

HARVEY PUBLICATIONS

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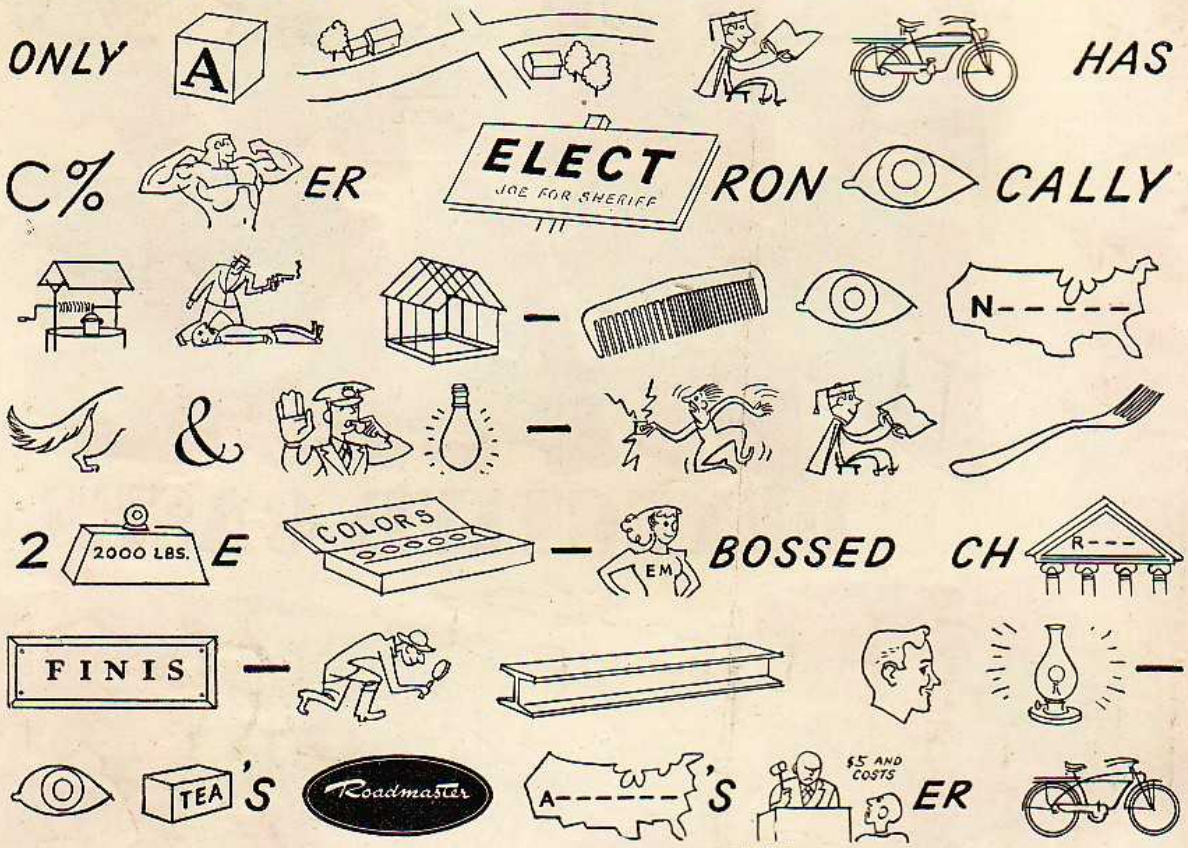
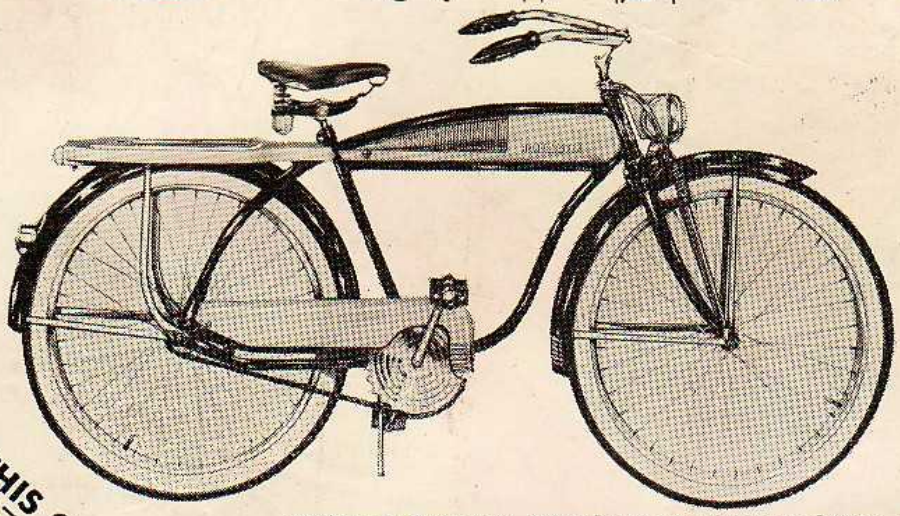
PDC

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS PUZZLE?

Like to work puzzles? Then see if you can solve this one. You will find the answer printed upside down at the bottom of the page.





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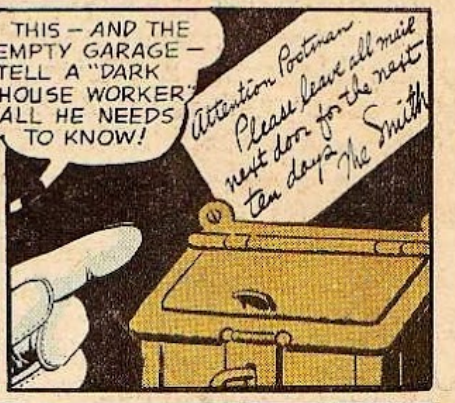
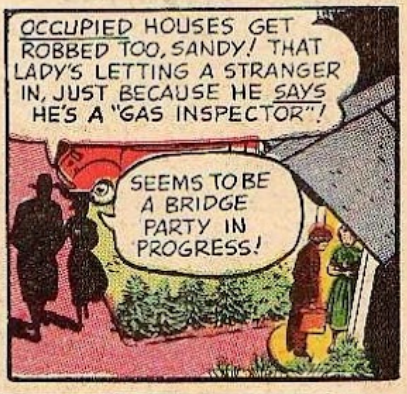
KERRY DRAKE

ACE DETECTIVE PROVES CRIME CAN'T WIN

Alfred Andriola





TELLTALE BODY

Police Chief Murpin turned away from the body and walked across the thick purple carpet to the lounge where Rick Horne and movie star, Linda Turner were seated.

"It doesn't make good sense, Murp," Rick said. "Yesterday, Woodward went around the studio saying how well he was. He even told Linda. And today, he shoots himself in the chest."

Chief Murpin sat between Linda and Rick. He stuck a toothpick in his mouth. "Look," he grumbled, "no matter *what* Preston Dudley Woodward said yesterday, what he did today is plain. He wrote a suicide note in his typewriter and then plugged himself in the ticker. That's all there is to it."

Linda stood up. "I've got to get back to the studio, Rick," she called, "but you needn't take me. I'll hail a cab." Midway across the room she paused by the body. The dull crimson stain of blood had seeped through Woodward's buttoned coat to show where the fatal bullet had torn out his life.

At the door, Linda paused to speak to the butler. "It's such a shame, isn't it?" she said.

The man lowered his eyes. "I've felt it comin', ma'am. Especially lately, what with Mr. Woodward feeling so moody and bad-like."

Linda's lips tightened. There was only one thing she could do. And that was to re-enter the house *immediately* as the Black Cat.

Inside, Rick and Chief Murpin looked around the dead man's study.

"I don't like it, Murp," Rick said slowly.

"*What* don't you like?" Murpin cocked a quizzical eye.

"Calling Woodward's death suicide," said Rick. "He wasn't the type to kill himself."

"Ah, lay off!" Murpin snorted. "The facts speak for themselves. And the facts say the guy croaked himself!"

"Wrong, Chief! The facts say *murder!*"

Rick and Murpin whirled to the window from where the new voice came. It was the Black Cat!

"Ahhhh," Murpin moaned in mock agony, "it isn't bad enough I have sore feet—now I have a pain-in-the-neck!"

"But not for long, Chief," the Black Cat smiled, and then strode across the room silently and stood beside the door. Suddenly, she yanked it open and the butler, on his knees at the keyhole, tumbled inside.

"Listening at the keyhole!" Rick exclaimed.

"So what?" Murpin said. "All butlers are snoopers. Don't you ever go to the movies?"

"But," said the Black Cat, "this man snooped to see if you suspected *him* of murder!"

The butler scrambled to his feet stuttering: "Crazy! The gal's crazy!"

"Perhaps," said the Black Cat, "but it's strange there is no bullet hole in Woodward's coat! It's funny he should shoot himself and *then* put on his coat!"

Murpin's jaw dropped. Rick whistled. The butler edged toward the door. A gun appeared in Murpin's hand.

"Stick around, pally," he commanded the butler.

"The butler's lies about the mental state of Woodward must mean something," the Black Cat said. "Search his room—you'll probably find the motive for the murder!"

Rick looked at Murpin.

Murpin looked at Rick.

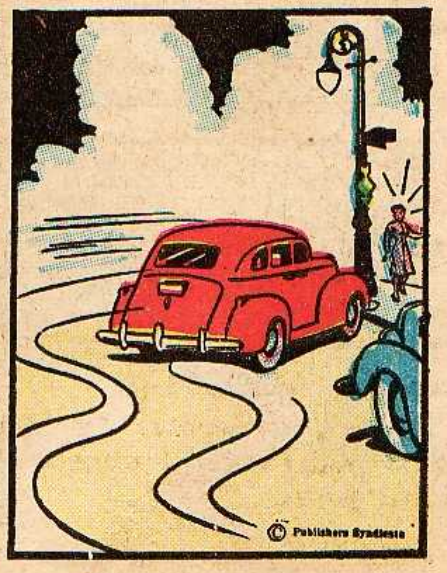
"Well?" Rick asked, "She's done it again," Murpin sighed, and scratched his bald head. When they turned around, the Black Cat had gone. Murpin looked out the window.

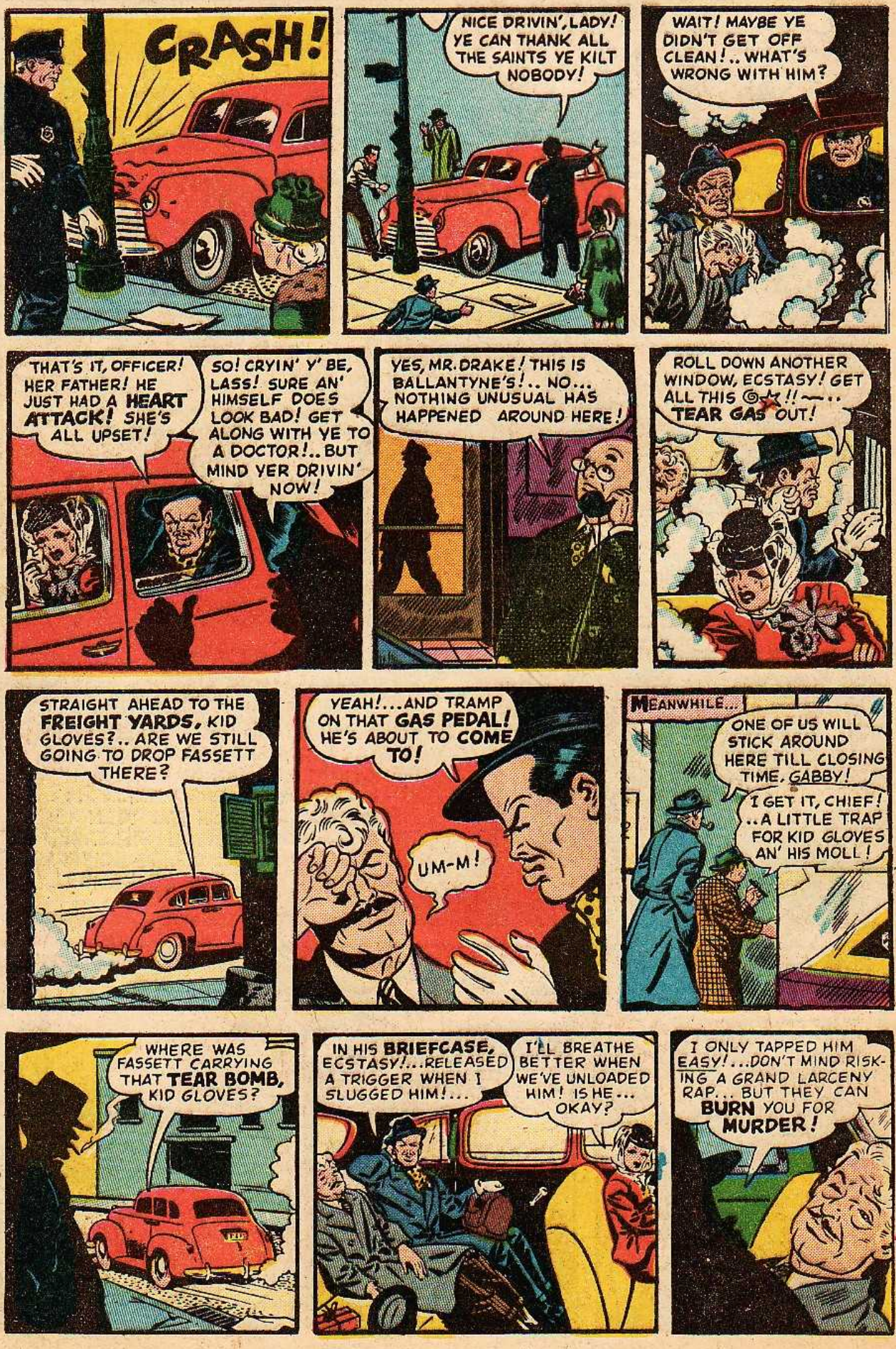
"She'd be an all right cop," he muttered. "Even though she *is* a woman."

KERRY DRAKE

ACE DETECTIVE PROVES CRIME CAN'T WIN

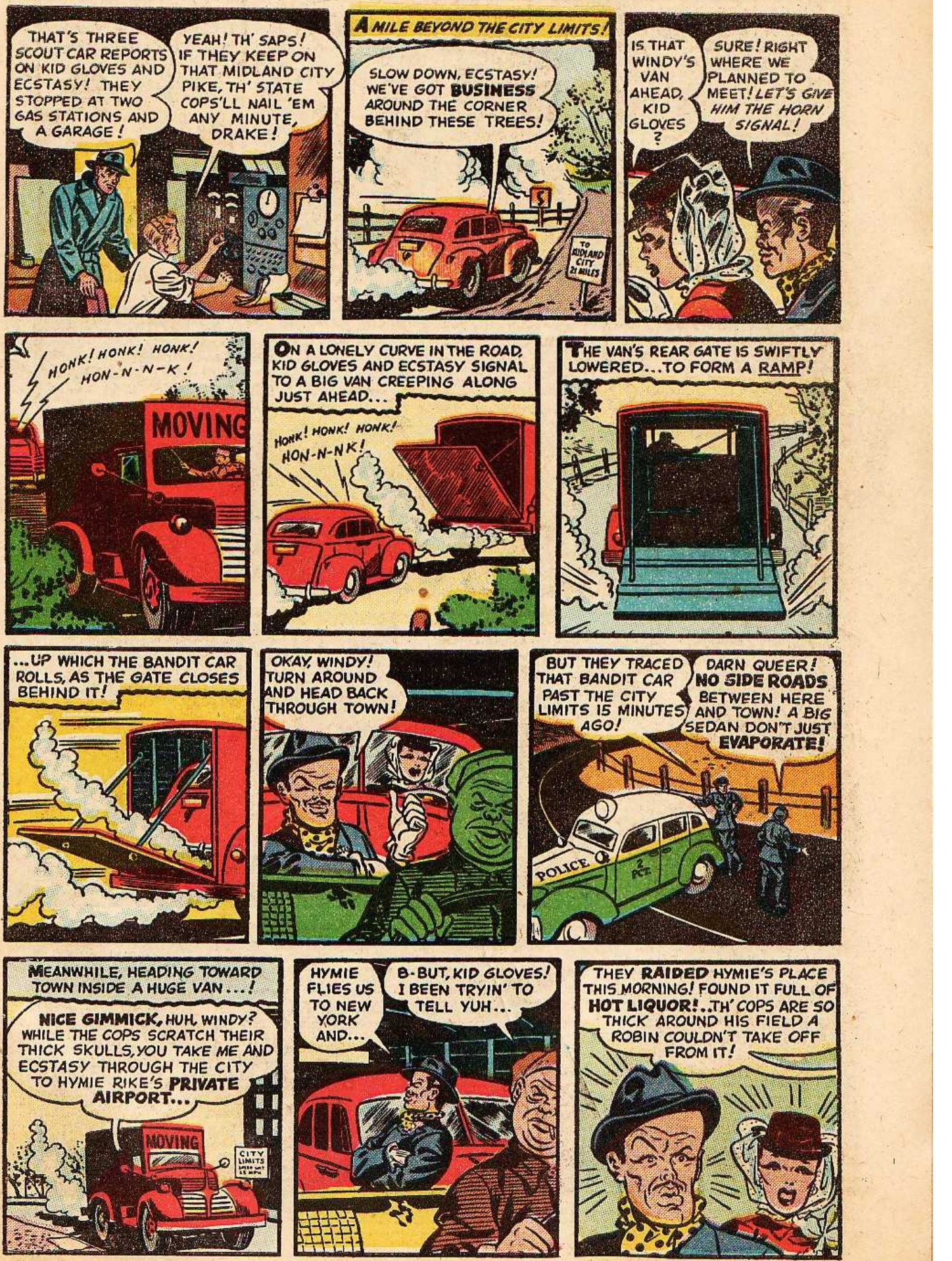
KID GLOVES AND HIS CONFEDERATE, **ECSTACY MARTIN** HAD ABDUCTED A DIAMOND SALESMAN BY FELLING HIM WITH A PAPER WRAPPED BRICK.... PREPARED FOR SUCH EMERGENCIES, THE DIAMOND SALESMAN RELEASED THE TRICK HANDLE OF HIS BRIEFCASE CONTAINING TEAR GAS AS HE FELL!



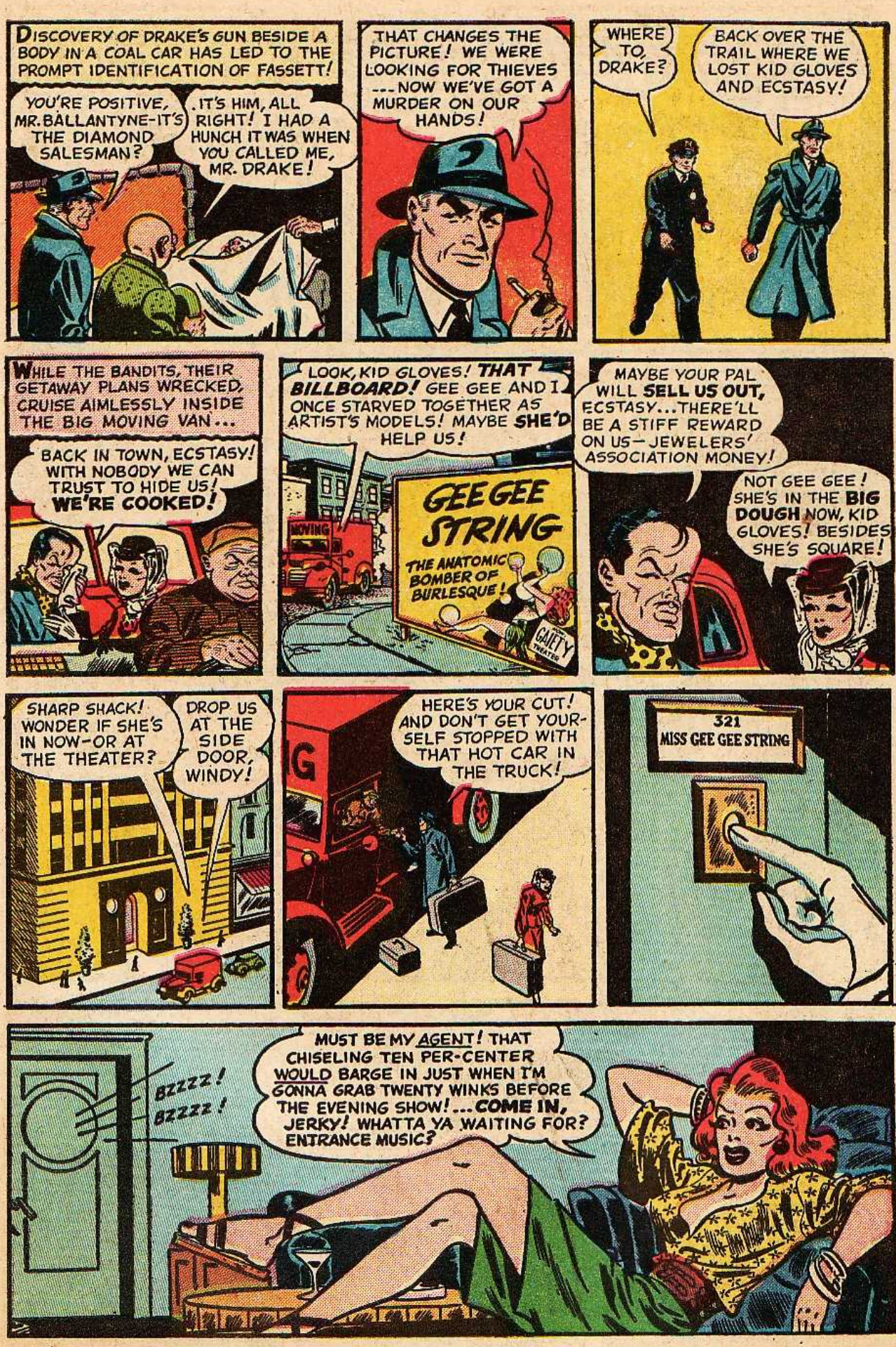

CRASH!
NICE DRIVIN', LADY! YE CAN THANK ALL THE SAINTS YE KILT NOBODY!
WAIT! MAYBE YE DIDN'T GET OFF CLEAN!.. WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?
THAT'S IT, OFFICER! HER FATHER! HE JUST HAD A HEART ATTACK! SHE'S ALL UPSET!
SO! CRYIN' Y' BE, LASS! SURE AN' HIMSELF DOES LOOK BAD! GET ALONG WITH YE TO A DOCTOR!.. BUT MIND YER DRIVIN' NOW!
YES, MR. DRAKE! THIS IS BALLANTYNE'S!.. NO... NOTHING UNUSUAL HAS HAPPENED AROUND HERE!
ROLL DOWN ANOTHER WINDOW, ECSTASY! GET ALL THIS ©★!!—.. TEAR GAS OUT!
STRAIGHT AHEAD TO THE FREIGHT YARDS, KID GLOVES?.. ARE WE STILL GOING TO DROP FASSETT THERE?
YEAH!...AND TRAMP ON THAT GAS PEDAL! HE'S ABOUT TO COME TO!
UM-M!
MEANWHILE...
ONE OF US WILL STICK AROUND HERE TILL CLOSING TIME, GABBY!
I GET IT, CHIEF! ..A LITTLE TRAP FOR KID GLOVES AN' HIS MOLL!
WHERE WAS FASSETT CARRYING THAT TEAR BOMB, KID GLOVES?
IN HIS BRIEFCASE, ECSTASY!...RELEASED A TRIGGER WHEN I SLUGGED HIM!...
I'LL BREATHE BETTER WHEN WE'VE UNLOADED HIM! IS HE... OKAY?
I ONLY TAPPED HIM EASY!...DON'T MIND RISKING A GRAND LARCENY RAP... BUT THEY CAN BURN YOU FOR MURDER!

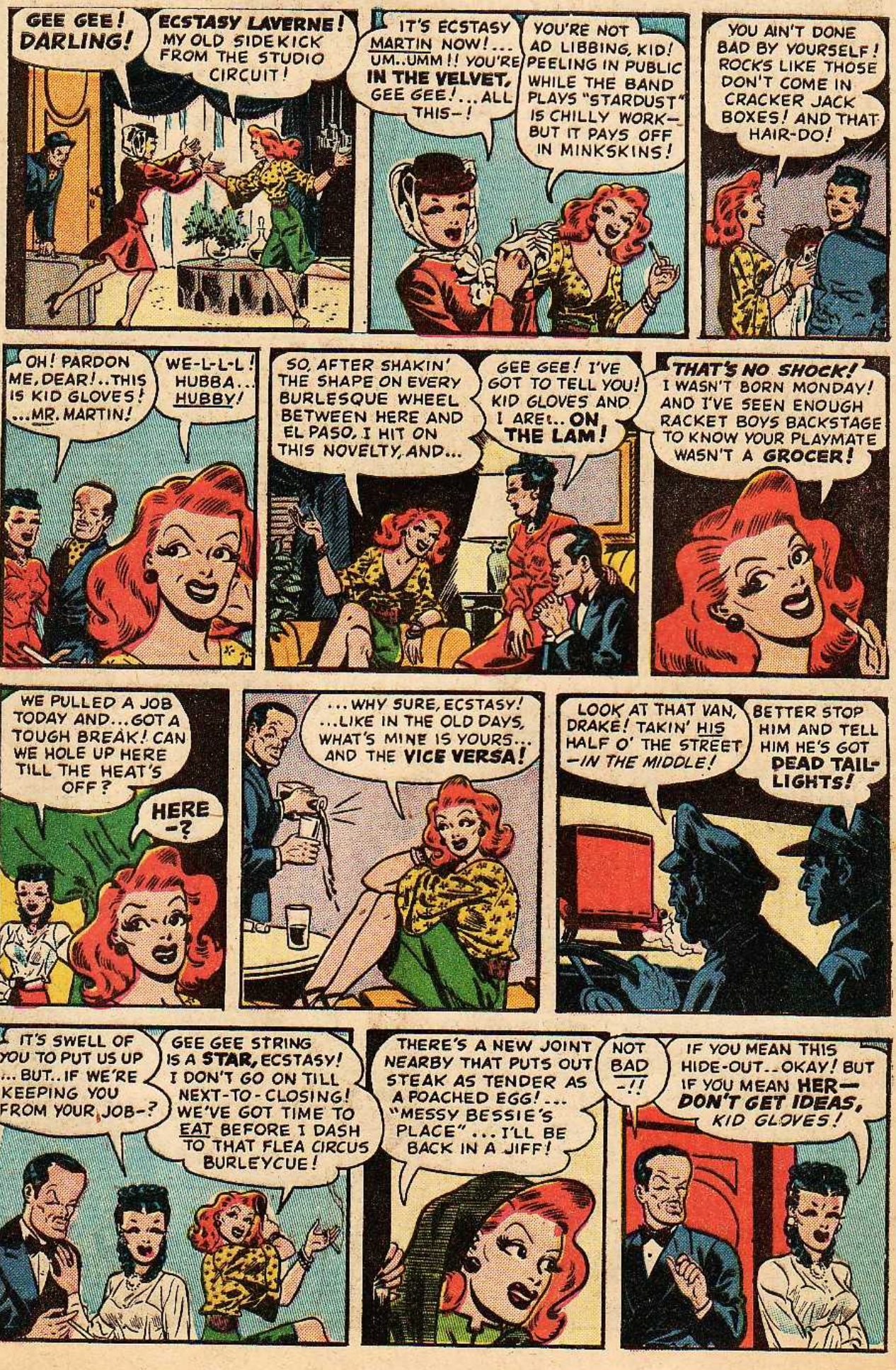
THIS BLASTED CHAIN ON FASSETT'S WALLET! SHOULD'VE BROUGHT PLIERS ALONG!
KID GLOVES! LOOK OUT! HE'S CONSCIOUS!
OHO! THIS BRICK IS IN MY HANDS NOW, YOU DIRTY —!
KEEP DRIVING, ECSTASY!
DIDN'T EXPECT TO NEED THIS WHEN I LIFTED IT OFF KERRY DRAKE! BUT...
...YOU BROUGHT IT ALL ON YOURSELF, BROTHER!
CRACK!
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, MR. DRAKE! BUT WE'VE SEEN NO SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS AROUND HERE!
GOOD DAY TO YE, MR. BALLANTYNE!
Ballantyne
NOTICE ANYTHING UNUSUAL IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD TODAY, PAT?
THAT I DID NOT!... UNLESS YE COUNT THE PAIR WITH AN OLD MAN IN THE CAR!.. HIM WITH A HEART ATTACK!
TH' POOR LASS WAS THAT UPSET SHE RAN INTO A STREET POST! SHE HAD STRANGE GREEN EYES LIKE A SHAMROCK AN' THEM ALL STAINED WITH TEARS!
EXCUSE ME! THERE'S MY PHONE!
IT'S NEW YORK CALLING! STEIN AND STEIN - ASKING ABOUT JOHN FASSETT, ONE OF THEIR DIAMOND SALESMEN!

THAT WAS A NEW YORK DIAMOND FIRM, MR. DRAKE! ONE OF THEIR SALESMEN, JOHN FASSETT, HASN'T PHONED IN HIS DAILY REPORT!
YOU KNOW, FASSETT, MR. BALLANTYNE?... DESCRIBE HIM!
AVERAGE BUILD.. GRAY HAIR AND DARK MUSTACHE..
SURE NOW, THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE OLD GENT WHO HAD A HEART ATTACK IN HIS DAUGHTER'S CAR THIS AFTERNOON!
THAT WAS KID GLOVES AND ECSTASY YOU SAW IN THE CAR, PAT! THEY'VE ABDUCTED THE DIAMOND SALESMAN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!
CALL HEADQUARTERS, GABBY! PUT OUT A RADIO FLASH ON A GREEN SEDAN WITH A SMASHED RADIATOR FRONT!.. I'LL ALERT THE STATE HIGHWAY PATROL!
Meanwhile, FASSETT HAS COME TO, ATTACKED KID GLOVES... AND PAID WITH HIS LIFE!
KEEP RIGHT ON TO THE FREIGHT YARDS, ECSTASY! WE'LL LEAVE DRAKE'S GUN BESIDE THE BODY!
BANG!
ACROSS THE CITY, AT A RAILROAD SIDING, A LIMP BODY IS BEING BRUTALLY DUMPED INTO AN EMPTY COAL CAR!
IT MAY BE DAYS BEFORE THEY FIND HIM—IN SOME OTHER TOWN—AND I'VE STRIPPED HIM OF ALL IDENTIFICATION, ECSTASY!
R
CAPT
LD LMT
LT WGT 51100
300 GRAND WORTH OF ROCK CANDY, ECSTASY! ALL OURS!
YEAH! ALL WRAPPED UP IN A MURDER INDICTMENT! I DON'T LIKE IT, KID GLOVES!
LEAVE THE HEADWORK TO ME! PULL INTO THAT FILLING STATION!
WHERE CAN I GET THIS BUMPER REPAIRED.. ON THE ROAD TO MIDLAND CITY?
MIGHT TRY SAM'S GARAGE —SIX BLOCKS DOWN!
ARE YOU CRAZY? WE'RE LEAVING A TRAIL A BLIND MAN CAN FOLLOW!
SURE! I WANT IT LIKE THAT! STOP AT THIS GARAGE A MINUTE!
SAM'S GARAGE


THAT'S THREE SCOUT CAR REPORTS ON KID GLOVES AND ECSTASY! THEY STOPPED AT TWO GAS STATIONS AND A GARAGE!
YEAH! TH' SAPS! IF THEY KEEP ON THAT MIDLAND CITY PIKE, TH' STATE COPS'LL NAIL 'EM ANY MINUTE, DRAKE!
A MILE BEYOND THE CITY LIMITS!
SLOW DOWN, ECSTASY! WE'VE GOT BUSINESS AROUND THE CORNER BEHIND THESE TREES!
TO MIDLAND CITY 21 MILES
IS THAT WINDY'S VAN AHEAD, KID GLOVES?
SURE! RIGHT WHERE WE PLANNED TO MEET! LET'S GIVE HIM THE HORN SIGNAL!
HONK! HONK! HONK! HON-N-N-K!
MOVING
ON A LONELY CURVE IN THE ROAD, KID GLOVES AND ECSTASY SIGNAL TO A BIG VAN CREEPING ALONG JUST AHEAD...
HONK! HONK! HONK! HON-N-NK!
THE VAN'S REAR GATE IS SWIFTLY LOWERED...TO FORM A RAMP!
...UP WHICH THE BANDIT CAR ROLLS, AS THE GATE CLOSES BEHIND IT!
OKAY, WINDY! TURN AROUND AND HEAD BACK THROUGH TOWN!
BUT THEY TRACED THAT BANDIT CAR PAST THE CITY LIMITS 15 MINUTES AGO!
DARN QUEER! NO SIDE ROADS BETWEEN HERE AND TOWN! A BIG SEDAN DON'T JUST EVAPORATE!
POLICE
2 PCT.
MEANWHILE, HEADING TOWARD TOWN INSIDE A HUGE VAN...!
NICE GIMMICK, HUH, WINDY? WHILE THE COPS SCRATCH THEIR THICK SKULLS, YOU TAKE ME AND ECSTASY THROUGH THE CITY TO HYMIE RIKE'S PRIVATE AIRPORT...
MOVING
CITY LIMITS
HYMIE FLIES US TO NEW YORK AND...
B-BUT, KID GLOVES! I BEEN TRYIN' TO TELL YUH...
THEY RAIDED HYMIE'S PLACE THIS MORNING! FOUND IT FULL OF HOT LIQUOR!..TH' COPS ARE SO THICK AROUND HIS FIELD A ROBIN COULDN'T TAKE OFF FROM IT!

WE DRAGGED HIM OFF A FREIGHT ON THE SIDING, CAPTAIN! THERE WAS A BODY IN THE CAR ...AND THIS GUN!
CHECK THE NUMBER WITH THE LICENSE BUREAU!
I CLIMBED IN THE CAR JIST BEFORE THE BULL NABBED ME!
CAPTAIN! THE RECORDS SHOW THIS ROD WAS LICENSED TO KERRY DRAKE!
GET HIM OVER HERE!
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT MY GUN BEING FOUND BESIDE A BODY IN AN EMPTY COAL CAR?
I DIDN'T KILL TH' OLD BIRD! I WAS HOOKIN' A RIDE--- WHEN I SEEN THIS STIFF!
HE MAY BE ON THE LEVEL, CAPTAIN! MY GUN WAS LIFTED BY KID GLOVES-BEFORE HE AND ECSTASY PULLED THAT DIAMOND JOB!--LET'S SEE THE BODY!
WHITE HAIR.. MUSTACHE... CHECKS WITH THE DESCRIPTION BALLANTYNE GAVE OF THAT DIAMOND SALESMAN!
IF IT IS FASSETT, WE'LL FRY THAT PAIR WHEN WE CATCH 'EM!
IF WE CATCH THEM! THEIR CAR WAS TRACED OUT OF TOWN—BUT THEY NEVER PASSED A STATE PATROL ROAD BLOCK... JUST A MILE DOWN THE HIGHWAY!
MEANWHILE, INSIDE A HUGE VAN NOW DRIVING BACK INTO THE CITY...!
THAT'S THE SCORE, KID GLOVES! TH' COPS RAIDED HYMIE'S PRIVATE AIRPORT! IT'S BUTTONED UP - BUT TIGHT!
THE BUNGLING FOOL! JUST WHEN I'D COUNTED ON HIM TO FLY US TO NEW YORK WITH THIS HOT ICE!
WE'RE SUNK, ECSTASY! - NOBODY IN THIS WHOLE BURG WOULD HIDE US!


DISCOVERY OF DRAKE'S GUN BESIDE A BODY IN A COAL CAR HAS LED TO THE PROMPT IDENTIFICATION OF FASSETT!
YOU'RE POSITIVE, MR. BALLANTYNE-IT'S THE DIAMOND SALESMAN?
IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! I HAD A HUNCH IT WAS WHEN YOU CALLED ME, MR. DRAKE!
THAT CHANGES THE PICTURE! WE WERE LOOKING FOR THIEVES --- NOW WE'VE GOT A MURDER ON OUR HANDS!
WHERE TO, DRAKE?
BACK OVER THE TRAIL WHERE WE LOST KID GLOVES AND ECSTASY!
WHILE THE BANDITS, THEIR GETAWAY PLANS WRECKED, CRUISE AIMLESSLY INSIDE THE BIG MOVING VAN...
BACK IN TOWN, ECSTASY! WITH NOBODY WE CAN TRUST TO HIDE US! WE'RE COOKED!
LOOK, KID GLOVES! THAT BILLBOARD! GEE GEE AND I ONCE STARVED TOGETHER AS ARTIST'S MODELS! MAYBE SHE'D HELP US!
GEE GEE STRING
THE ANATOMIC BOMBER OF BURLESQUE!
GAIETY THEATER
MOVING
MAYBE YOUR PAL WILL SELL US OUT, ECSTASY...THERE'LL BE A STIFF REWARD ON US—JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION MONEY!
NOT GEE GEE! SHE'S IN THE BIG DOUGH NOW, KID GLOVES! BESIDES SHE'S SQUARE!
SHARP SHACK! WONDER IF SHE'S IN NOW—OR AT THE THEATER?
DROP US AT THE SIDE DOOR, WINDY!
HERE'S YOUR CUT! AND DON'T GET YOURSELF STOPPED WITH THAT HOT CAR IN THE TRUCK!
321
MISS GEE GEE STRING
BZZZZ!
BZZZZ!
MUST BE MY AGENT! THAT CHISELING TEN PER-CENTER WOULD BARGE IN JUST WHEN I'M GONNA GRAB TWENTY WINKS BEFORE THE EVENING SHOW!...COME IN, JERKY! WHATTA YA WAITING FOR? ENTRANCE MUSIC?


GEE GEE! DARLING!
ECSTASY LAVERNE! MY OLD SIDEKICK FROM THE STUDIO CIRCUIT!
IT'S ECSTASY MARTIN NOW!... UM..UMM!! YOU'RE IN THE VELVET, GEE GEE!... ALL THIS-!
YOU'RE NOT AD LIBBING, KID! PEELING IN PUBLIC WHILE THE BAND PLAYS "STARDUST" IS CHILLY WORK- BUT IT PAYS OFF IN MINKSKINS!
YOU AIN'T DONE BAD BY YOURSELF! ROCKS LIKE THOSE DON'T COME IN CRACKER JACK BOXES! AND THAT HAIR-DO!
OH! PARDON ME, DEAR!..THIS IS KID GLOVES! ...MR. MARTIN!
WE-L-L-L! HUBBA... HUBBY!
SO, AFTER SHAKIN' THE SHAPE ON EVERY BURLESQUE WHEEL BETWEEN HERE AND EL PASO, I HIT ON THIS NOVELTY, AND...
GEE GEE! I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU! KID GLOVES AND I ARE!.. ON THE LAM!
THAT'S NO SHOCK! I WASN'T BORN MONDAY! AND I'VE SEEN ENOUGH RACKET BOYS BACKSTAGE TO KNOW YOUR PLAYMATE WASN'T A GROCER!
WE PULLED A JOB TODAY AND...GOT A TOUGH BREAK! CAN WE HOLE UP HERE TILL THE HEAT'S OFF?
HERE -?
...WHY SURE, ECSTASY! ...LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS, WHAT'S MINE IS YOURS... AND THE VICE VERSA!
LOOK AT THAT VAN, DRAKE! TAKIN' HIS HALF O' THE STREET -IN THE MIDDLE!
BETTER STOP HIM AND TELL HIM HE'S GOT DEAD TAIL-LIGHTS!
IT'S SWELL OF YOU TO PUT US UP ... BUT..IF WE'RE KEEPING YOU FROM YOUR JOB-?
GEE GEE STRING IS A STAR, ECSTASY! I DON'T GO ON TILL NEXT-TO-CLOSING! WE'VE GOT TIME TO EAT BEFORE I DASH TO THAT FLEA CIRCUS BURLEYCUE!
THERE'S A NEW JOINT NEARBY THAT PUTS OUT STEAK AS TENDER AS A POACHED EGG! ... "MESSY BESSIE'S PLACE" ... I'LL BE BACK IN A JIFF!
NOT BAD -!!
IF YOU MEAN THIS HIDE-OUT..OKAY! BUT IF YOU MEAN HER— DON'T GET IDEAS, KID GLOVES!

WHY THE SCOWL, ECSTASY? YOU REALLY DELIVERED! A NICE PLACE TO COOL OFF-- WITH A PAL YOU CAN TRUST!
TRUST! THAT'S GOOD! GEE GEE MADE A PASS AT YOU BEFORE WE EVEN GOT SEATED! I WON'T TAKE IT, KID GLOVES!
FORGET IT! WE'VE GOT TO KID HER ALONG, HONEY! .. AND DON'T LET HER TUMBLE THAT WE'VE GOT THIS!
JOHN FABBETT
STEIN & STEIN - DIAMOND BROKERS
PUT IT AWAY! HERE SHE COMES!
GRAND STEAK, GEE GEE! MAKE IT A STANDING ORDER- EVERY NIGHT!
UH... LOOK, KID GLOVES! YOU AND ECSTASY ARE WELCOME HERE.. AND I'M NOT TIGHT---
...BUT STEAKS COME HIGH AT "MESSY BESSIE'S"! YOU TWO CAN HOLE UP HERE TILL THEY STOP HUNTING YOU! BUT A STRIPPER IN BURLESQUE AIN'T QUEEN MIDAS! GET THE IDEA?
WE CAN PAY OUR WAY, DARLING! BUT, AS I TOLD YOU, THE LITTLE JOB WE PULLED TODAY WENT SOUR!
WE'RE SLIGHTLY FLAT, GEE GEE!
YEAH? WAVE YOUR EYE-LASHES AT THIS!
Daily Globe
POLICE SEEK BAND COUPLE IN $200,000 DIAMOND HOLDUP
Man, Woman Vanish After Slaying Salesman
I PICKED IT UP AT THE CORNER!.. YOUR ACT GOT GOOD REVIEWS, DARLING! ...LET'S SEE THE GLITTER-GRAVEL!
MEAN-WHILE...
SIT TIGHT, DRAKE! I'LL TELL THIS LUG ABOUT HIS TAIL-LIGHTS BEIN' OUT!
MOVING
POLICE

HEY, YOU! PULL THAT BOXCAR OVER TO THE CURB!
SOMEBODY SQUEALED! THEY KNOW I'VE GOT KID GLOVES' CAR IN HERE!

CRACK! CRACK!

KERRY SHOOTS—AS A MOTORCYCLE PATROLMAN SWINGS INTO VIEW!
UGH!
CRACK!

DEAD AS A STUFFED OWL, DRAKE! BUT WHY DID HE START THROWING SLUGS?
PROBABLY HAD A HOT CARGO! SEE IF YOU CAN OPEN THE BACK DOOR!

DRAKE! COME HERE AN' GET A LOAD OF THIS!

IT'S THE ESCAPE CAR KID GLOVES AND ECSTASY USED! TOO BAD THE VAN DRIVER DIED BEFORE WE COULD SWEAT THEIR NEW ADDRESS OUT OF HIM!

ACROSS TOWN, AT THIS MOMENT...
Y' KNOW, CHUMS.. I MIGHT GET SORE IF I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T TRUST ME!..HOW ABOUT A LOOK AT THE LOOT?
OKAY, GEE GEE! BUT JUST LOOK-DON'T HANDLE!

MMM! I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I? ...AND DROOL?

GEE! ECSTASY'S A LUCKY DAME!.. ALL THIS...AND YOU, TOO!

SAVE THAT COME-ON ROUTINE FOR YOUR CASH CUSTOMERS AT THE BURLEYCUE, GEE GEE! HE'S TAKEN!

AND—JUST IN CASE YOU PLAN TO DEAL YOURSELF INTO THIS GAME—FROM NOW ON I'M HOLDING THE CHIPS!

GOTTA DASH OVER AND DO A SHOW NOW, ECSTASY! -NO HARD FEELINGS?... ABOUT KID GLOVES, I MEAN?
I GUESS NOT!
ONE OF MY JOHNS GAVE ME THAT! WHEN YOU PICK IT UP IT PLAYS! CLAIMED HE PAID FIVE C'S FOR IT.. AT AN AUCTION!
WELL-I GOTTA SKIP! SEE YA LATER!
UH-HUH-'NIGHT, GEE GEE!
A BOX WITH A BUILT-IN BURGLAR ALARM!.. I WONDER HOW-LONG KID GLOVES WILL STAY IN THE SHOWER?
GRAB THE ROCKS, HUH? MAKE A SAP OF ME IN FRONT OF GEE GEE?... I'M GETTING A LITTLE FED UP WITH THAT DOLL!
ACTING ON IMPULSE, ECSTASY SWIFTLY REMOVES THE BOTTOM OF THE MUSICAL CIGARETTE BOX WITH A NAIL FILE!...
AS LONG AS THE SHOWER IS RUNNING, KID GLOVES WON'T HEAR--!
PLENTY OF ROOM IN THERE! AND I'LL LEAVE THE DIAMONDS WRAPPED SO THEY WON'T RATTLE!
GEE GEE'S AT THE THEATER DOING A SHOW, KID GLOVES! NOW MAYBE I'LL RATE A LITTLE ATTENTION!
MUSIC BOX IN WHICH ECSTASY HAS HIDDEN THE DIAMONDS
YEAH! YOU WILL, ECSTASY! HAND OVER THOSE ROCKS!
NO! I DIDN'T STICK MY NECK IN A NOOSE SO YOU COULD BUY BABY TALK FROM A CHEAP LITTLE STRIP-TEASER!
MEANWHILE...
DID YOU GET A REPORT ON THE DEAD VAN DRIVER?
HE'S "WINDY" HILL, DRAKE! OPERATED A ONE-MAN MOVING BUSINESS.. ARRESTED ONCE, FOR BLACK MARKET HAULING!
..WHICH DON'T EXACTLY TELL US WHERE HE DROPPED KID GLOVES AND ECSTASY!
HAND ME YOUR FLASH! THERE'S SOMETHING ON THIS TIRE!
OKAY, DRAKE! THERE'S FRESH YELLOW PAINT ON THIS TIRE! BUT WHAT DOES THAT TELL US?
MAYBE NOTHING, MAYBE A LOT!... BUT IT'S A CLUE - AND I'VE GOT TO TRACE IT DOWN!

YEAH! THIS VAN DROVE THROUGH FRESH YELLOW PAINT SOMEPLACE, DRAKE! BUT WHERE?
MAYBE I CAN FIND THE ANSWER TO THAT—AT CITY HALL!
Immediately Kerry starts to track down the slim clue. At City Hall....
DID YOU HAVE A PAINT CREW OUT TODAY?—PUTTING NEW CROSSWALKS AND CENTER STRIPES ON THE STREETS?
ACCORDING TO THE WORK RECORD ONLY ONE GANG—PAINTING ON NORTH GRANT AVENUE!
DEPT. OF STREETS
MAINT. SUPT.

SURE, MR. DRAKE! I REMEMBER THAT TRUCK! A MAN AND WOMAN GOT OUT ON NORTH GRANT—BUT I DIDN'T NOTICE WHERE THEY WENT!
THANKS, MURPHY! IT'S A BIG HELP!
At the home of the crew's foreman...

WE'VE GOT A NEW LEAD ON THE DIAMOND THIEVES, COMMISSIONER! I WANT ENOUGH MEN TO COVER THE NORTH GRANT AVENUE DISTRICT LIKE A BLANKET!
POLICE
At Police Head-quarters

SOMEWHERE IN THAT CIRCLE, KID GLOVES AND ECSTASY ARE HIDING!
RIVER STREET
AVENUE
M. GRANT AVENUE
S. GRANT AVENUE
CENTRAL PARK DRIVE

AND—IN AN APARTMENT WITHIN THAT CIRCLE...
I'M KEEPING THE DIAMONDS TILL WE GET AWAY, KID GLOVES! YOU'D LET GEE GEE TALK YOU OUT OF OUR WHOLE STAKE!
HAND OVER THE WALLET OR I'LL SLAP YOU DOWN AGAIN!

OKAY, DARLING! CATCH!

WHY, YOU LITTLE ——! IT'S EMPTY!
SURE! GO ON! BEAT ME TILL YOUR KNUCKLES BLEED! I WON'T TELL WHERE I HID THAT ICE!

WHERE ARE THOSE ROCKS?
I'LL BRING THEM OUT WHEN WE LEAVE HERE, KID GLOVES— TOGETHER!
OKAY, ECSTASY! WE'LL LET IT STAND LIKE THAT ...FOR NOW!
RATS! NO CIGARETTES!
THE CIGARETTE BOX! DOES HE SUSPECT I HID THEM IN THERE?
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK KID GLOVES AND ECSTASY ARE HIDING IN THIS AREA, DRAKE?
THE FOREMAN OF A STREET PAINTING CREW SAW OUR FUGITIVES GET OUT OF THEIR ESCAPE TRUCK HERE!
POLICE COMMISSIONER
DETAIL ME ENOUGH MEN AND WE'LL SEARCH EVERY HOUSE IN THAT NEIGHBORHOOD FROM CELLAR TO ATTIC!
DRAKE'S TIRELESS 2-DAY SEARCH FOR THE FUGITIVES BRINGS HIM AT LAST TO THE DOOR OF AN OLD FRIEND!
MESSY BESSIE! YOU'RE LOOKING WONDERFUL!
MR. DRAKE! I BEEN WAITIN' T' PAY OFF MY DEBT T' YOU IN APPLE PIE!
THANKS! THIS IS A BUSINESS CALL, BUT I HAVEN'T EATEN ALL DAY, SO MAYBE WE CAN TALK WHILE I SAMPLE ONE OF THOSE STEAKS!
DOGGONE IT, MR. DRAKE! THEM'S TH' LAST I GOT... AN' THEY'RE SPOKE FOR!... GIRL THAT PICKS UP THREE DINNERS EVERY DAY!
FACT IS... HERE SHE COMES NOW!
THAT'LL BE SIX BUCKS, DEARIE! MY! YER MEN FOLKS SURE DO EAT HEARTY!
CUT THE PATTER, MESSY BESSIE, AND GIVE ME MY CHANGE!
NOW, DON'T YOU GET SASSY, MISS! I COULD OF SOLD ONE O' THEM STEAKS TO A VERY DEAR FRIEND!
THAT'S HIM OVER THERE! --- KERRY DRAKE, TH' FAMOUS DICK!
WELL, I'LL BE SWITCHED! SHE RUN RIGHT OFF WITHOUT HER CHANGE... WHEN I MENTIONED YER NAME, MR. DRAKE!
STOP HER!

OUT OF SIGHT! YOU SAY THAT REDHEAD STARTED BUYING FOOD FOR THREE PEOPLE JUST THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY?
YEP! AN' SHE RUN LIKE A SCALDED CAT WHEN I TOLD HER WHO YOU WAS, MR. DRAKE!
YOU'VE NO IDEA WHO SHE IS, OR WHERE SHE LIVES?
NOPE! BUT SHE FORGOT HER CHANGE! SHE'LL BE BACK!
SO WILL I, MESSY BESSIE! YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A STAR BOARDER!
I'LL BE AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD, MESSY BESSIE! IF THAT REDHEAD COMES BACK, SNAP OFF YOUR ELECTRIC SIGN!
MESSY BESSIE'S RESTAURANT
AAH! HELLO, GEE GEE! I'M HUNGRY AS A HOMELESS HOUND!
YEAH? WAIT'LL I SPILL A PIECE OF NEWS, KID GLOVES! IT MAY SPOIL YOUR APPETITE!
LISTEN, KID GLOVES-- A DICK NAMED KERRY DRAKE IS CAMPED IN MESSY BESSIE'S RESTAURANT! IS THAT GOOD?
DRAKE! WE'VE GOT TO RUN FOR IT! AND ME WITH A LOUSY 40 BUCKS IN THE KICK!
IF THAT "WE" MEANT YOU AN' ME, SUGAR, INSTEAD OF ECSTASY-- I COULD STAKE US! I KEEP A LITTLE "MAD MONEY" TUCKED IN MY NYLONS!
THIS IS NOT ENOUGH!
I CAN SELL SOME PRETTIES AT THE AUCTION SHOP!--- LIKE THAT SILVER CIGARETTE BOX!
OKAY, GEE GEE! IT'S A DEAL!
BREAK! HERE'S ECSTASY!
SEE Y'ALL AFTER MY SHOW, KIDS!... GOTTA RUN AN ERRAND ON THE WAY!
LOOK, DARLING! I'M FED UP WITH FINDING YOU AND GEE GEE CHEEK TO CHEEK EVERY TIME I WALK IN!
AW, I'M PLAYING YOUR PAL FOR A SUCKER! - SHE'S ALREADY COME ACROSS WITH THIS--- AND WHEN SHE SELLS SOME JUNK...
KID GLOVES! THAT CIGARETTE BOX! IT'S GONE!

YOU'RE WHITE AS PAPER, ECSTASY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?
THAT MUSICAL CIGARETTE BOX! WHERE IS IT, KID GLOVES?
IS THAT ALL? GEE GEE TOOK IT DOWN TO AN AUCTION SHOP! WHATEVER SHE COLLECTS GOES INTO OUR GET-AWAY FUND!
IT OUGHT TO BRING A COUPLE OF C'S ... AND WHEN WE PUT THAT WITH WHAT I'VE ALREADY TOUCHED HER FOR...
NO!
I...I HID THE DIAMONDS IN THAT BOX! WE'VE GOT TO GET IT BACK— SOME WAY!
MESSY BESSIE'S SIGN WENT OUT! THE SIGNAL WE AGREED ON!
CHOP SUE
MESSY BESSIE'S
IS OUR SUSPICIOUS ACTING REDHEAD BACK FOR MORE STEAK DINNERS?
NO, MR. DRAKE! BUT A MINUTE AGO I SAW HER DUCK INTO TH' AUCTION JOINT ACROSS TH' STREET!
MESSY BESSIE'S
BONG!
AUCTION EVERY NIGHT
I'M FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS! ..WAS A GIRL WITH RED HAIR IN HERE JUST NOW?
WHY, YES! SHE LEFT THIS TO BE SOLD... SAID SHE'D STOP IN LATER FOR HER MONEY, SIR!

YOU HID THE DIAMONDS IN THAT CIGARETTE BOX? I OUGHT TO KILL YOU, ECSTASY!
I...I'M SORRY, KID GLOVES! BUT YOU WERE FALLING FOR GEE GEE... AND... HOW WAS I TO KNOW SHE'D SELL THE THING?
YOU'VE GOT TO SLIP DOWN TO THE AUCTION AND BUY IT BACK... WITH THIS DOUGH GEE GEE GAVE ME!
THE REDHEAD LEFT THIS TO BE SOLD TONIGHT, SIR! I HOPE IT ISN'T ...HOT!
SHE'S COMING BACK LATER FOR THE MONEY?
YES, SIR!
THEN I WANT A HIDING PLACE WHERE I CAN WATCH YOUR CUSTOMERS—WITHOUT BEING SEEN!
Auction tonight
UNFOLD THIS SCREEN! I THINK IT WILL DO!
YES, SIR! BEHIND IT, YOU CAN COVER THE WHOLE AUCTION ROOM WITHOUT BEING SEEN!
WANDER OVER HERE FROM TIME TO TIME! I MAY HAVE INSTRUCTIONS!
OF COURSE! PLEASE BELIEVE ME, MR. DRAKE— WE'RE VERY ANXIOUS TO COOPERATE WITH THE POLICE!
DRIFT ALONG! THE CUSTOMERS ARE STARTING TO COME IN!
AUCTION TONIGHT
WOW! ECSTASY!
THAT YOUNG LADY HAS ASKED ME TO PUT THE CIGARETTE BOX UP FOR SALE FIRST, MR. DRAKE!
GOOD! SEE THAT SHE GETS IT!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! MAY I HAVE A BID ON THIS HANDSOME SILVER CIGARETTE BOX?
FIFTY DOLLARS!
SEVENTY FIVE!
IT'S A BEAUTY, EMMA! WHAT A PRIZE FOR OUR COLLECTION! ONE HUNDRED!
MISS GEE GEE STRING IS ON THE STAGE?... THEN, GET THIS! IT'S IMPORTANT!... TELL HER TO PHONE HER APARTMENT THE MINUTE SHE FINISHES HER DANCE!
MEANWHILE

AN AVID COLLECTOR OF MUSIC BOXES HAS RUN THE BIDDING UP TO THE LIMIT OF ECSTASY'S CASH!
TH-THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS!
THREE FIFTY!
GOING-ONCE-! GOING-TWICE-!
IS HE GOING TO KNOCK IT DOWN TO THE OLD MAN? I TOLD HIM TO MAKE SURE ECSTASY GOT IT!
SOLD! TO THE LADY- FOR #300!
NO! THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS!
SOMEBODY WANTS YOU SHOULD CALL YOUR APARTMENT RIGHT AWAY, GEE GEE! ...A MAN!
BUT I TOPPED HER BID!.. I DEMAND THAT BOX!
SORRY! I DIDN'T HEAR YOU! THE TRANSACTION IS CLOSED!
AS ECSTASY LEAVES THE SHOP WITH HER PRIZE, KERRY DRAKE FOLLOWS HER...!
GEE GEE? THIS IS KID GLOVES, BABY!---LISTEN SHARP! GET A TAXI AND MEET ME AT THE SIDE DOOR HERE IN 20 MINUTES!
!
YOU'VE GOT THAT STRAIGHT, GEE GEE? SIDE DOOR OF THE APARTMENT HOUSE - IN 20 MINUTES!
HOW ABOUT ECSTASY?
SHE'LL BE BACK ANY MINUTE! AS SOON AS I GET SOMETHING FROM HER I'LL---PUT HER ON ICE!
BE SEEIN' YOU SUGAR!
YEAH! BUT I'LL SEE HER FIRST! THE TWO-TIMING LITTLE CHISELER!
THAT'S THE HOUSE WHERE ECSTASY AND KID GLOVES ARE HIDING! BOX IT IN! I'LL CALL HEADQUARTERS FOR A RAID DETAIL!
OKAY, DRAKE!

HOW DID YOU LOCATE KID GLOVES AND HIS MOLL, DRAKE?
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, ECSTASY WENT TO AN AUCTION SHOP TO BID ON A MUSIC BOX! I FOLLOWED HER TO THIS ADDRESS!
POST MEN TO COVER ALL EXITS WITH HIGH-POWER RIFLES! WE'LL CARRY SIDE-ARMS AND TEAR GRENADES WHEN WE GO IN!
IF THE CUSTODIAN CAN'T SPOT THE APARTMENT FOR US, WE'LL SEARCH THE BUILDING, FLOOR BY FLOOR!
LET'S GO!
WHAT'S KEEPING ECSTASY?
MAYBE SHE COULDN'T BUY THAT BOX?
MAYBE THE COPS GRABBED HER?
AND GEE GEE IS DUE DOWNSTAIRS ANY MINUTE NOW!
ECSTASY!
SURPRISED, GEE GEE? I FOUND OUT YOU AND KID GLOVES WERE GOING TO LEAVE ME HOLDING THE BAG — THE EMPTY BAG!
DELIVERY ENTRANCE
NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, DUCHESS — WHEN I TOOK YOU TWO IN —
YOU ONLY TRIED TO TAKE ME IN! I HAD YOUR NUMBER FROM THE START, YOU CHEAP LITTLE WITC —
WHO ARE YOU CALLING NAMES? IF YOU'RE SUCH A FLAT WHEEL YOU CAN'T HOLD YOUR MAN, YOU DESERVE —
THUD!

TAKE OVER MY MAN WILL YOU?...WHY, YOU CHEAP LITTLE HIP-TOSSER!
LISTEN, SISTER! SOMEBODY WAS BOUND TO MOVE IN YOU COULDN'T HOLD HIM WITH GLUE!
POW!
QUIT STALLING! GET UP AND--- GEE! SHE'S LIMP AS A WET RAG!.. MAYBE SHE'S NOT FAKING! MAYBE I KILLED HER!
KERRY DRAKE! AND THE POLICE! IT'S A RAID!
I'LL HIDE IN HERE TILL DRAKE AND THE POLICE GET PAST!
-HEY! WHAT GIVES HERE! LOOKS LIKE WE INTERRUPTED A MASSACRE, DRAKE!
IT'S GEE GEE STRING, THE STRIP DANCER! I'D KNOW THAT FIGGER ANYWHERE!...WONDER WHO BEAT HER UP?
THE ATTACKER LEFT HER CARD! ...THIS IS ECSTASY'S COAT!
GEE GEE'S COMING TO, DRAKE! WOW! WHAT A LACING SHE TOOK!
CLOSET IN WHICH ECSTASY IS HIDING
SUDDENLY THE SHIFTING DIAMOND PACKETS IN THE MUSIC BOX RELEASE THE MECHANISM!
TINKLE! TINKLE!
WELL, ECSTASY! WAITING FOR A PATROL CAR?
DON'T WASTE THAT MUSIC, BEAUTIFUL! START SINGING!... WHERE'S KID GLOVES?
OKAY, DRAKE! I'LL PUT THE FINGER ON THAT TWO-TIMER—WITH PLEASURE!
A CAB AT THE SIDE DOOR! GEE GEE'S WAITING, BUT ECSTASY HASN'T COME YET! I MUST SLIP DOWN AND TELL GEE GEE TO WAIT!

KID GLOVES IS IN APARTMENT 321, MR. DRAKE! THE DIAMONDS ARE IN THIS MUSIC BOX!
TAKE CHARGE OF THESE, MURPHY!
I WISH THEY WERE IN HADES —AND GEE GEE WAS WEARING THEM!
YEAH? LET ME AT THAT CANARY AGAIN! I'LL—
ESCORT THESE LOVELY LADIES TO THE REAR DOOR LIMOUSINE, MURPHY! BOYLE AND I WILL DROP IN ON KID GLOVES!
IT'S THE POLICE, KID GLOVES! THE HOUSE IS SURROUNDED! ARE YOU COMING OUT ALIVE— OR THE HARD WAY?
THIS DOOR'S NOT LOCKED! COVER ME, BOYLE! I'M GOING IN!
AT THIS MOMENT — ON THE ROOF!
A GOOD JUMP WOULD PUT ME OVER ON THE NEXT BUILDING! BUT.... SUPPOSE I MISS!
IF I HAD A LONG PLANK!
LOOKS LIKE THE BUZZARD HAS LEFT HIS NEST, DRAKE!
YES, BUT THE NEST IS STILL WARM! COME ON!
I SAW HIM! THE FELLOW RUSHED PAST ME AND UP THOSE STAIRS!.. TO THE ROOF!
MEANWHILE, KID GLOVES HAS PULLED OUT THE HINGE PINS AND WRENCHED THE DOOR FREE!
NOT A HALF-INCH TO SPARE!... BUT... IF I TAKE IT SLOW AND EASY...!

HERE'S HOW TO GET THIS NEW BIKE Christmas

the New MONARK Super Deluxe

AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BICYCLE

Simply check the SEVEN HIDDEN FEATURES below for your free folder showing the complete line of Monark Bicycles in full color . . . and distinctive "Air-Wing" lapel button in attractive red, black and silver effect. Simply stick coupon on penny Postal Card and mail, if you wish.

Please send free folder showing Monark Bicycles in full color . . . and "Air-Wing" Lapel Button, if Features checked correctly.

- ☐ New "Air-Wing" Head Shield and gracefully curved handlebars.
- ☐ New Sponge Rubber Padded Saddle with plastic-type cover.
- ☐ New Heavy-Duty Luggage Carrier with gleaming auto-style grille.
- ☐ New Electronic High Frequency Brazing of major joints.
- ☐ New "Kromegard" Rear Bumper and shock-proof rear reflector.
- ☐ New Whitewall U. S. Royal chain-tread double tube balloon tires.
- ☐ New Mar-Proof and Chip-Resistant triple-baked enamel finish.
- ☐ Reinforced Cross Bars at Frame Head for maximum strength.
- ☐ Shock-Absorbing Double-Spring Cushion Front Fork.
- ☐ Triple-Plate Crown Tubular Fork with steel insert for added strength.
- ☐ New Air-Style Design Headlight with brilliant "road-focus" beam.
- ☐ Arch-Design "Motor-Bike" frame, built-in auto-type tank and horn.
- ☐ Airline Style Pedal Crank and Drive Assembly, precision chain.
- ☐ Reinforced Steel Tubing provides double-strong crank hanger joints.
- ☐ Double Width Rear Fork Bar and convenient "kick-up" stand.
- ☐ Drop-out Fork, Acorn-style Cap Nuts and latest style coaster brake.
- ☐ Extra-Long, Heavy-Gauge Auto-Style Fenders and chain guard.
- ☐ Supér-Streamlined Air-Flow Design with sleek, speedy lines.
- ☐ Striking New Color Combinations. Choice of three.
- ☐ Exclusive Monark Insurance Plan protects you against loss.

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First SEND FOR THIS BIG FREE FOLDER

It shows the complete line of Monark Bicycles in full color . . . regular and junior sizes . . . boys' and girls' models . . . and tells all about their exciting new features.

Next WIN "AIR-WING" LAPEL BUTTON

It's easy . . . it's fun . . . and makes you a full-fledged member of this nation-wide "Air-Wing" club. Simply check the Seven Hidden Features, at left, and win this emblem. Quickly clamps on coat, shirt or sweater.

Then TELL "DAD" AND "MOM" ABOUT MONARK

Show them what a beauty it is . . . and tell them about its many superior construction, performance and safety features. Tell them about the exclusive Monark insurance plan . . . and other Monark advantages.

CHECK AND MAIL COUPON NOW!

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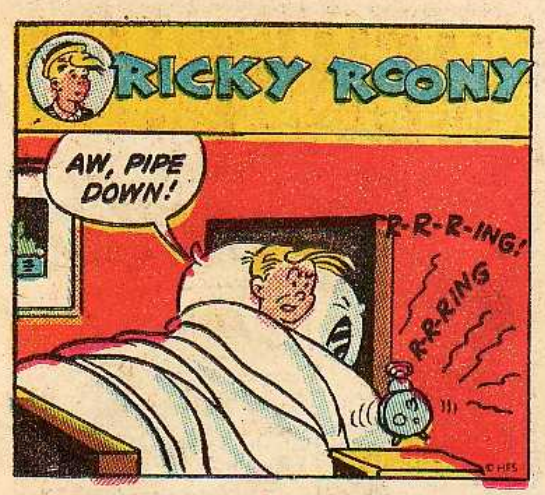
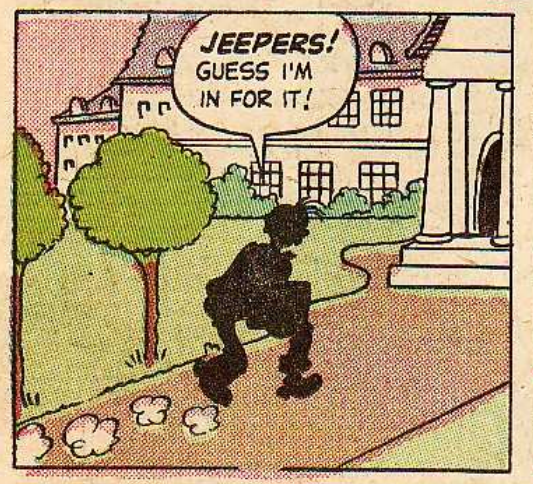
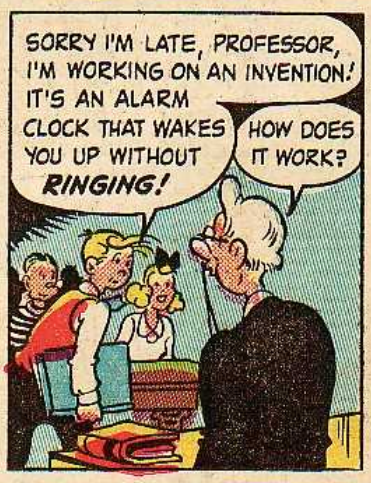
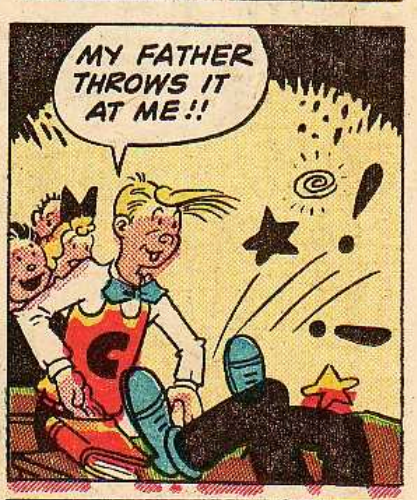

RICKY ROONY
AW, PIPE DOWN!
R-R-R-ING!
R-R-RING

LATE AGAIN! WHAT AN EXISTENCE!

HM-M! AS USUAL. THE TARDY MR. ROONY IS DOING HIS STUFF!


JEEPERS! GUESS I'M IN FOR IT!


SORRY I'M LATE, PROFESSOR, I'M WORKING ON AN INVENTION! IT'S AN ALARM CLOCK THAT WAKES YOU UP WITHOUT RINGING!
HOW DOES IT WORK?


MY FATHER THROWS IT AT ME!!

RICKY ROONY
OKAY, JAIL BAIT-- WE'LL SNOW 'EM UNDER AT THE SHINDIG!

THIS CHICK'S GOTTA BE TAKEN TO THE DANCE IN STYLE-- TAXI--FLOWERS 'N' ALL...

THE BRAWL STARTS EARLY, TOO! I GOTTA GET ACTION PRONTO!
R.R. STATION

THAT'S THE KIND OF A KID TO HAVE! MEETS HIS DAD AT THE STATION TO HELP WITH THE BAGS!

DAD, HOW ABOUT FIVE BUCKS 'GAINST MY ALLOWANCE?
KINDER RUSHING THINGS AREN'T YOU? I HAVEN'T BEEN OFF THE TRAIN TEN MINUTES AND YOU START ASKING ME FOR MONEY!

YES, BUT DAD-- THE TRAIN GOT IN HALF AN HOUR LATE AS IT WAS!

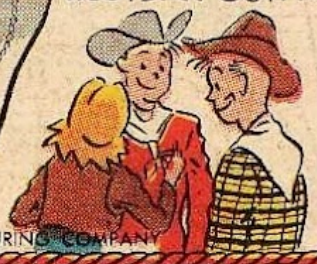
Roy Rogers

KING OF THE COWBOYS

AUTHENTIC WESTERN STYLES

AT POPULAR PRICES
NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE RETAIL STORE

ROY ROGERS SCARFS, TIE-SLIDES, TIES, TYKERCHIEFS, BANDANNAS AND **BOLERO VESTS** BY **WESTERN ART...** AUTHENTIC STYLES TO COMPLETE YOUR WESTERN OUTFIT.



Manufactured by WESTERN ART MANUFACTURING COMPANY

ROY ROGERS COWBOY HATS BY **SACKMAN**.. RODEO STYLE HATS WITH LACE BRIM. TOPS WITH JUNIOR BRONCO-BUSTERS. IN RED, BLACK, BUCKSKIN, GREEN AND GOLD.

Manufactured by SACKMAN BROTHERS

ROY ROGERS COWBOY GLOVES BY **ILLINIOS**.. ROY ROGERS AND HIS HORSE, TRIGGER, STAMPED ON EVERY PAIR... FRINGED LIKE A RANGE RIDER, TOO! AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE.

Manufactured by ILLINOIS GLOVE COMPANY

ROY ROGERS COWBOY BOOTS BY **RANGER**.. STURDY WESTERN BOOTS MADE ON GENUINE COWBOY BOOT LASTS BY TEXAS COWBOY BOOT-MAKERS

Manufactured by RANGER BOOT & SHOE MFG. COMPANY

ROHR COMPANY, P. O. Box 3000, Hollywood, Calif.

Please enroll me as a member of the Roy Rogers Riders club and send me my membership card and lucky pocket coin.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Print name and address plainly—enclose 10¢ in coin (no stamps). Your membership card and coin will be delivered in about 3 weeks.

ROY ROGERS STARS IN REPUBLIC PICTURES

WANT TO JOIN THE ROY ROGERS RIDERS?

Hi Pard! This is *the* club for red-blooded American boys and girls. Mail the coupon *today* with 10¢ in coin (no stamps) for your membership card and the Roy Rogers Lucky Pocket Coin.

HURRY—MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

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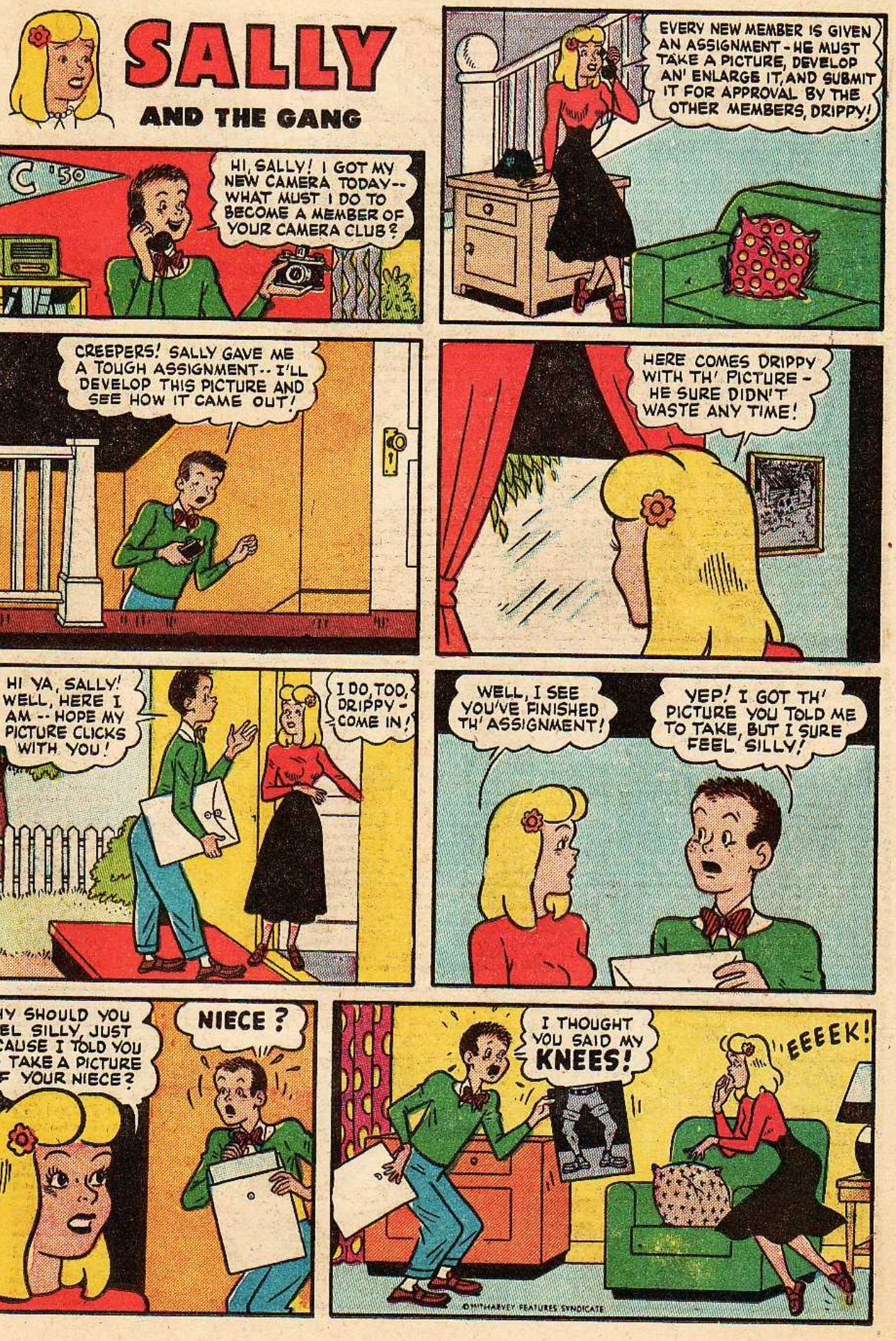
• LISTEN TO THE ROY ROGERS RADIO SHOW SPONSORED BY QUAKER OATS EVERY SUNDAY EVENING •


SALLY
AND THE GANG
C '50
HI, SALLY! I GOT MY NEW CAMERA TODAY-- WHAT MUST I DO TO BECOME A MEMBER OF YOUR CAMERA CLUB?
EVERY NEW MEMBER IS GIVEN AN ASSIGNMENT - HE MUST TAKE A PICTURE, DEVELOP AN' ENLARGE IT, AND SUBMIT IT FOR APPROVAL BY THE OTHER MEMBERS, DRIPPY!
CREEPERS! SALLY GAVE ME A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT-- I'LL DEVELOP THIS PICTURE AND SEE HOW IT CAME OUT!
HERE COMES DRIPPY WITH TH' PICTURE - HE SURE DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME!
HI YA, SALLY! WELL, HERE I AM -- HOPE MY PICTURE CLICKS WITH YOU!
I DO, TOO, DRIPPY - COME IN!
WELL, I SEE YOU'VE FINISHED TH' ASSIGNMENT!
YEP! I GOT TH' PICTURE YOU TOLD ME TO TAKE, BUT I SURE FEEL SILLY!
WHY SHOULD YOU FEEL SILLY JUST BECAUSE I TOLD YOU TO TAKE A PICTURE OF YOUR NIECE?
NIECE ?
I THOUGHT YOU SAID MY KNEES!
EEEEK!
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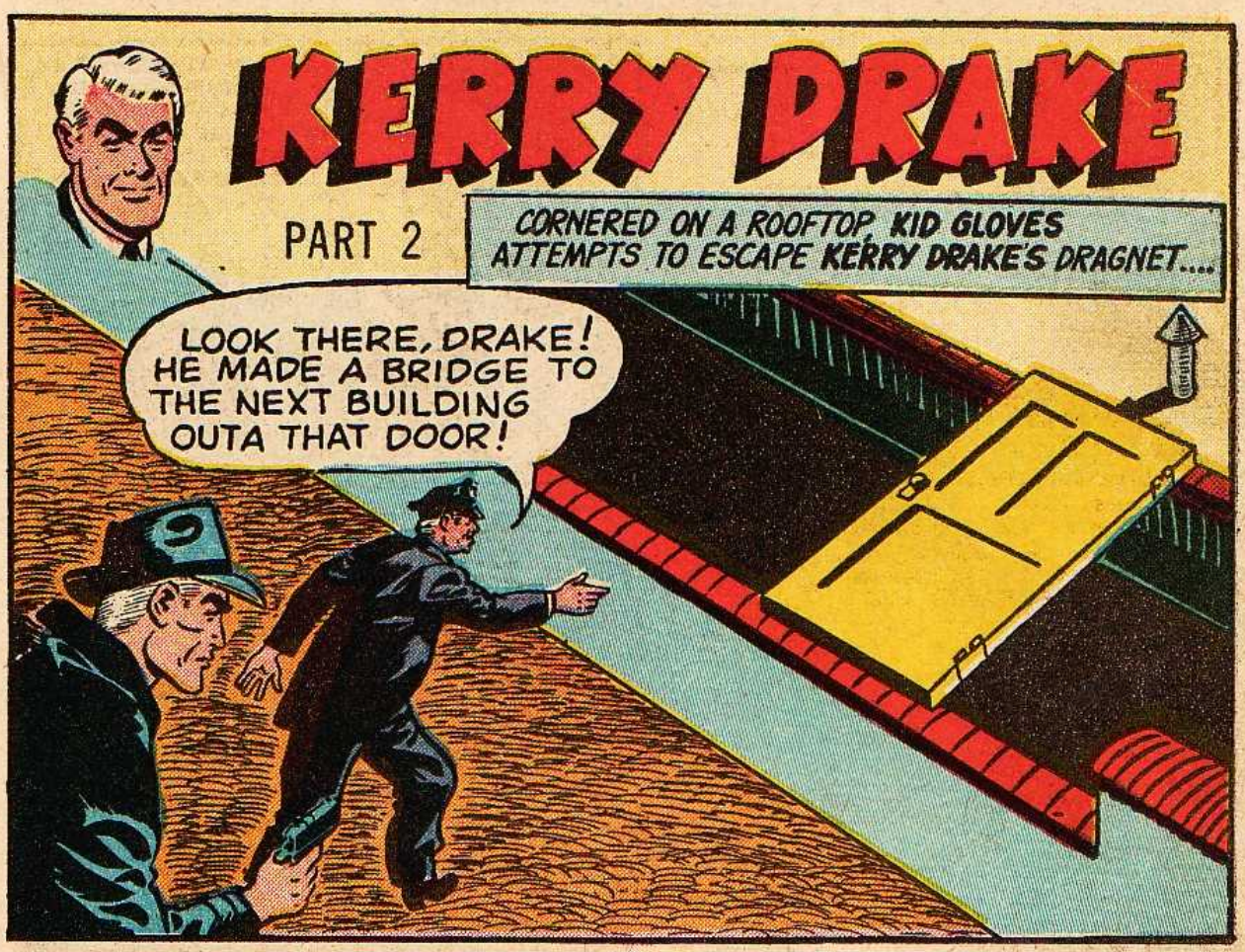
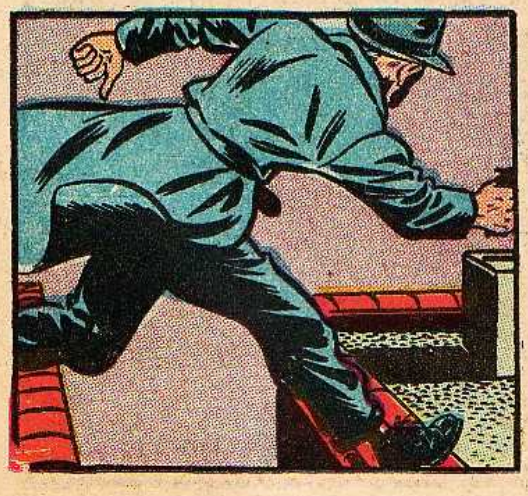

KERRY DRAKE
PART 2
CORNERED ON A ROOFTOP, KID GLOVES ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE KERRY DRAKE'S DRAGNET....
LOOK THERE, DRAKE! HE MADE A BRIDGE TO THE NEXT BUILDING OUTA THAT DOOR!

YOU'RE WASHED UP, KID GLOVES! COME ON OUT BEFORE THE TARGET PRACTICE STARTS!
IF I CAN MAKE IT TO THAT TRAP DOOR..!

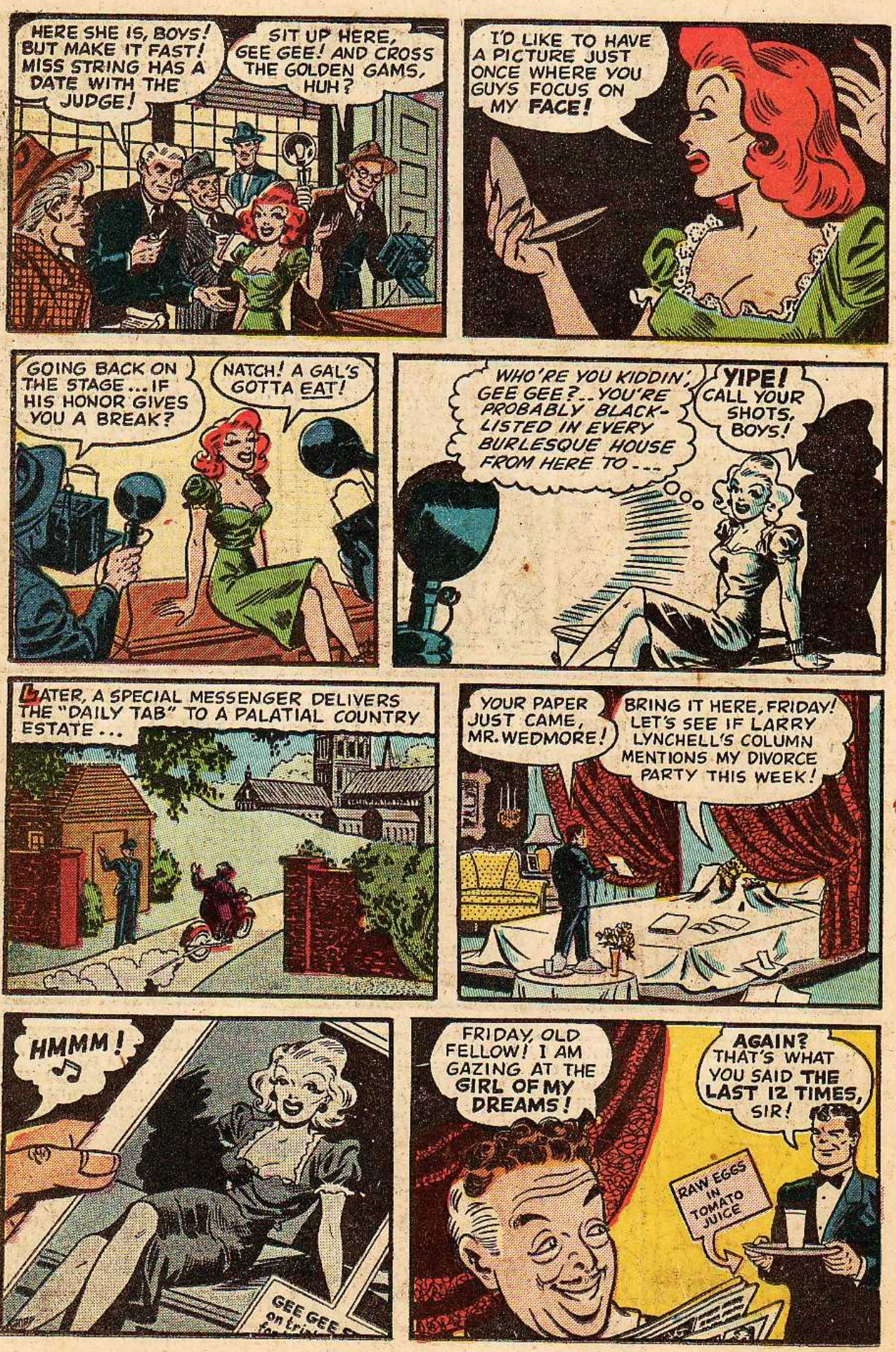
IT SLIPPED! WOW! I JUST TOUCHED IT! IF I'D PUT MY WHOLE WEIGHT ON IT....! THAT'S A FIVE STORY DROP!



CROUCHING, AND SHIELDED BY THE DIVIDING WALL, KID GLOVES MAKES A SUDDEN DASH...

...ONLY TO STRIKE AN UNSEEN LIGHT WIRE WHICH FLINGS HIM BACK LIKE A TAUT BOW-STRING...
TWANG!
...AGAINST THE ROOF'S LOW PARAPET!
BOYLE! DID YOU SEE—?
YEAH! LOOKS LIKE OUR BOY HAS CHEATED THE CHAIR, DRAKE!
I CAN'T SEE A BODY DOWN THERE IN THE ALLEY! THROW ME YOUR FLASHLIGHT!
KID GLOVES!
HERE'S MY FLASHLIGHT, DRAKE! WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO SEE KID GLOVES WITH THIS!
DIDN'T BREAK ANY BONES WHEN I LANDED HERE! NOW...IF I CAN EASE THIS WINDOW UP BEFORE THEY SPOT ME!
KID GLOVES HIDDEN FROM VIEW BY OVERHANGING ROOF CORNICE
NO WONDER IT WAS HARD TO RAISE! PAPER STUCK ALONG THE EDGES I'LL PULL IT DOWN AGAIN AND--- WHEW! JUST IN TIME! THERE'S THE FLASHLIGHT!
SUDDENLY, IN THE DARK APARTMENT, SOMETHING UNSEEN AND TERRIFYING STRIKES LIKE A COILED SNAKE!
AGH-H-H!
COUGH! COUGH! CHOKE!
FUNNY SMELL IN HERE! IT...IT...I CAN'T BREATHE!
MUST BE...GAS LEAK.. IN HERE!...GETTIN' DIZZY!... GOTTA FIND..HALL DOOR ...FRESH AIR...
SEALED WITH NEWSPAPERS...LIKE THE WINDOWS...AND LOCKED FROM OUTSIDE...GOTTA GET BACK TO THE FIRE ESCAPE!
WITH A SCREAM ON HIS LIPS, KID GLOVES CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR, HIS HAND TOUCHING A STRANGE WHITE DISC!
HELP!
DID YOU HEAR THAT YELL, DRAKE? SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM RIGHT UNDER US!

TAKE US UP TO THE TOP FLOOR! KID GLOVES IS CORNERED IN ONE OF YOUR APARTMENTS THERE!
I'LL TAKE YOU UP BUT YOU CAN'T GO IN!.. THE DOORS ARE SEALED AND ALL THE TENANTS HAVE BEEN MOVED OUT TEMPORARILY!
ANYHOW, IF YOUR MAN'S IN THERE, HE'S DEAD! SEE THAT SIGN?
TO 5TH FLOOR
SAME STUFF THEY EXECUTE MURDERERS WITH OUT WEST! NOBODY COULD LIVE FIVE MINUTES IN THERE!
DANGER! KEEP OUT! THESE PREMISES FILLED WITH CYANIDE GAS TO KILL RATS AND VERMIN!
THIS IS RAW, MR. DRAKE! KID GLOVES GETS AWAY AND I HOLD THE BAG!
YOUR HUSBAND IS OVER IN THE CITY MORGUE, ECSTASY! HE TRIED TO HIDE IN A ROOM FILLED WITH CYANIDE GAS!
LOCK THEM UP MATRON!
B-BUT... I TURNED OVER THE STOLEN DIAMONDS TO YOU AND KID GLOVES HAS PAID --FOR SHOOTING FASSETT!
THAT DOESN'T CLEAN THE SLATE! YOU'LL HAVE TO STAND TRIAL FOR YOUR SHARE IN THE MURDER!
YAAA! SERVES YA RIGHT! I'LL SEND YOU LILIES WHEN THEY PUT YOU IN THE DEATH HOUSE!
YOU'RE NOT IN THE CLEAR EITHER, GEE GEE! THERE'S A LITTLE MATTER OF HARBORING FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE AGAINST YOU!
BUT, MR. DRAKE! I DIDN'T KNOW KID GLOVES HAD KNOCKED OFF THAT DIAMOND SALESMAN WHEN I TOOK THEM IN!
NO, BUT YOU DARN SOON FOUND OUT, YOU HENNA-HAIRED LITTLE CHISELER!
SHE TRIED TO CUT HERSELF IN! SHE AND KID GLOVES WERE RUNNING OUT ON ME!
IT WAS ALL HIS IDEA! I DIDN'T KNOW FROM NOTHING-ABOUT THE ROBBERY!
YOU'D BETTER NOT PERJURE YOURSELF BEFORE THE JUDGE! PLEAD GUILTY AND THROW YOURSELF ON THE MERCY OF THE COURT!
YEAH! ONCE I SAW A MOVIE WHERE CLEOPATRA BEAT A RAP BY DANCIN' BEFORE CAESAR ... AND CLEO HAD NOTHING GEE GEE HASN'T GOT!


HERE SHE IS, BOYS! BUT MAKE IT FAST! MISS STRING HAS A DATE WITH THE JUDGE!
SIT UP HERE, GEE GEE! AND CROSS THE GOLDEN GAMS, HUH?
I'D LIKE TO HAVE A PICTURE JUST ONCE WHERE YOU GUYS FOCUS ON MY FACE!
GOING BACK ON THE STAGE... IF HIS HONOR GIVES YOU A BREAK?
NATCH! A GAL'S GOTTA EAT!
WHO'RE YOU KIDDIN', GEE GEE?.. YOU'RE PROBABLY BLACK-LISTED IN EVERY BURLESQUE HOUSE FROM HERE TO ...
YIPE! CALL YOUR SHOTS, BOYS!
LATER, A SPECIAL MESSENGER DELIVERS THE "DAILY TAB" TO A PALATIAL COUNTRY ESTATE ...
YOUR PAPER JUST CAME, MR. WEDMORE!
BRING IT HERE, FRIDAY! LET'S SEE IF LARRY LYNCHELL'S COLUMN MENTIONS MY DIVORCE PARTY THIS WEEK!
HMMM!
GEE GEE
FRIDAY, OLD FELLOW! I AM GAZING AT THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS!
AGAIN? THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID THE LAST 12 TIMES, SIR!
RAW EGGS IN TOMATO JUICE

KERRY DRAKE, HARD-HITTING ACE OF THE D.A.'S CRIME-SMASHING SQUAD, TODAY ATTENDS THE HEARING OF GEE GEE STRING, EX-BURLESQUE QUEEN...
YOU HAVE PLEADED GUILTY TO HARBORING CRIMINALS, MISS STRING... AND THE SENTENCE OF THIS COURT IS IMPRISONMENT FROM ONE TO SEVEN YEARS!
OH!
...WHICH, HOWEVER, DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES, I AM GOING TO SUSPEND!
GEE! THAT'S BETTER, YOUR HONOR.
DIDJA HEAR WHAT HIS NIBS SAID, FLATFOOT? I'M FREE! OPEN UP, OR I'LL HANG THAT DOOR AROUND YOUR NECK LIKE A DOG COLLAR!
NOT SO FAST, GEE GEE! YOU'RE STEPPING INTO MY OFFICE FIRST ...FOR A SNAPPY LITTLE SERMON ON "HOW TO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE"!
THE JUDGE HAS GIVEN YOU A BREAK, GEE GEE! WHETHER YOU DESERVE IT IS NOT FOR ME TO SAY...
OH, LOOK, MR. DRAKE! SOME MORE PICTURES OF ME ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THE DAILY TAB!
BUT, FROM NOW ON, REMEMBER THAT EASY MONEY CAN MEAN HARD LABOR, IN A PRISON LAUNDRY!
IN A FRONT VIEW, I ALWAYS GET A SPARE CHIN! AND MY EYES AIN'T...
LISTEN TO ME!
I AM MR. DRAKE! BUT... PUBLICITY'S MY BREAD AND BUTTER! I GOTTA THINK ABOUT MY FUTURE!
MEANWHILE, ON A LUXURIOUS ESTATE OUTSIDE THE CITY, THIS PHOTO IS ALREADY SHAPING GEE GEE'S FUTURE!
WHEE-WHEW!!
LOOK, FRIDAY, THE LATE EDITIONS SAY THAT DANCER GOT A SUSPENDED SENTENCE! THERE, OLD MAN, IS A GIRL I COULD REALLY BE HAPPY WITH!
YOU SAID THAT ABOUT THE LAST TWELVE!... READY, MR. WEDMORE?
MM! GEE GEE STRING!... I'VE NEVER MARRIED A FAN DANCER, HAVE I?
THREE MODELS, ONE PROFESSIONAL ATHLETE, ONE DEB, FOUR MOVIE STARLETS, A NOVELIST, A RODEO RIDER AND A HAT-CHECK GIRL! NO FAN DANCERS!
PULL IT IN!
A REDHEAD, TOO! PLENTY OF FIRE, EH, FRIDAY?... AND DID YOU OBSERVE THE.. ER.. PERSONALITY?
STEP IN!
I HAVE REACHED A DECISION, FRIDAY! YOU WILL INVITE HER TO MY DIVORCE PARTY TOMORROW NIGHT!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
OKAY! YOU'RE DONE!

HERE'S A CHOICE MORSEL IN LARRY LYNCHELL'S COLUMN, CHIEF!--"ALGY WEDMORE WILL GIVE A DIVORCE PARTY TOMORROW NIGHT, CELEBRATING HIS 12TH RENO-VATION! RIOT SQUAD, PLEASE NOTE!"
IS THAT PALSIED PLAYBOY STILL MARRYING PEOPLE, SANDY?
THE WORD SHOULD BE PAY-BOY, KERRY! EVERY TIME HE SHEDS A BRIDE, THE WEDMORE STEEL FORTUNE SHRINKS ANOTHER MILLION! WONDER WHO'LL GRAB THE NEXT CHUNK?
ALGY WEDMORE INVITES ME TO A PARTY?.. I KNOW WHO HE IS, BUT I NEVER EVEN MET THE GUY!
LOOK, MISS! ALL I KNOW IS, IF HE SIGNED IT, HE SENT IT!

I'VE GOT AN ADORABLE IDEA FOR YOUR NEXT PARTY, ALGY: WE'LL DECORATE THE HOUSE LIKE A FIGHT ARENA, FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF THE GUESTS!
WUNDAFUL, MISS MIXWELL! ALGY OUGHTA ASK SPORTS WRITERS TO HIS SHIN-DIGS! THEY COVER OTHER FIGHTS!
OH, MR. LYNCHELL! I'VE GOT AN ITEM FOR YOUR COLUMN! FREDDY'S GONE BACK TO THAT CHORINE! BUT IF HE TOUCHES ONE HAIR OF MY MINK COATS, I'LL...
GO 'WAY! YOU BOTHER ME! I COULD MINGLE WITH A BETTER CLASS OF VERMIN UNDER A ROTTEN LOG!
SURE WE'VE MET BEFORE!.. HIC! UNDER A TABLE AT THE 22 CLUB.. REMEMBER?
BUT MR. GLOTZ! I'M ALREADY IN PICTURES!
SOCIETY NOTE: ALGY WEDMORE THROWS A PARTY TO CELEBRATE HIS TWELFTH DIVORCE!....

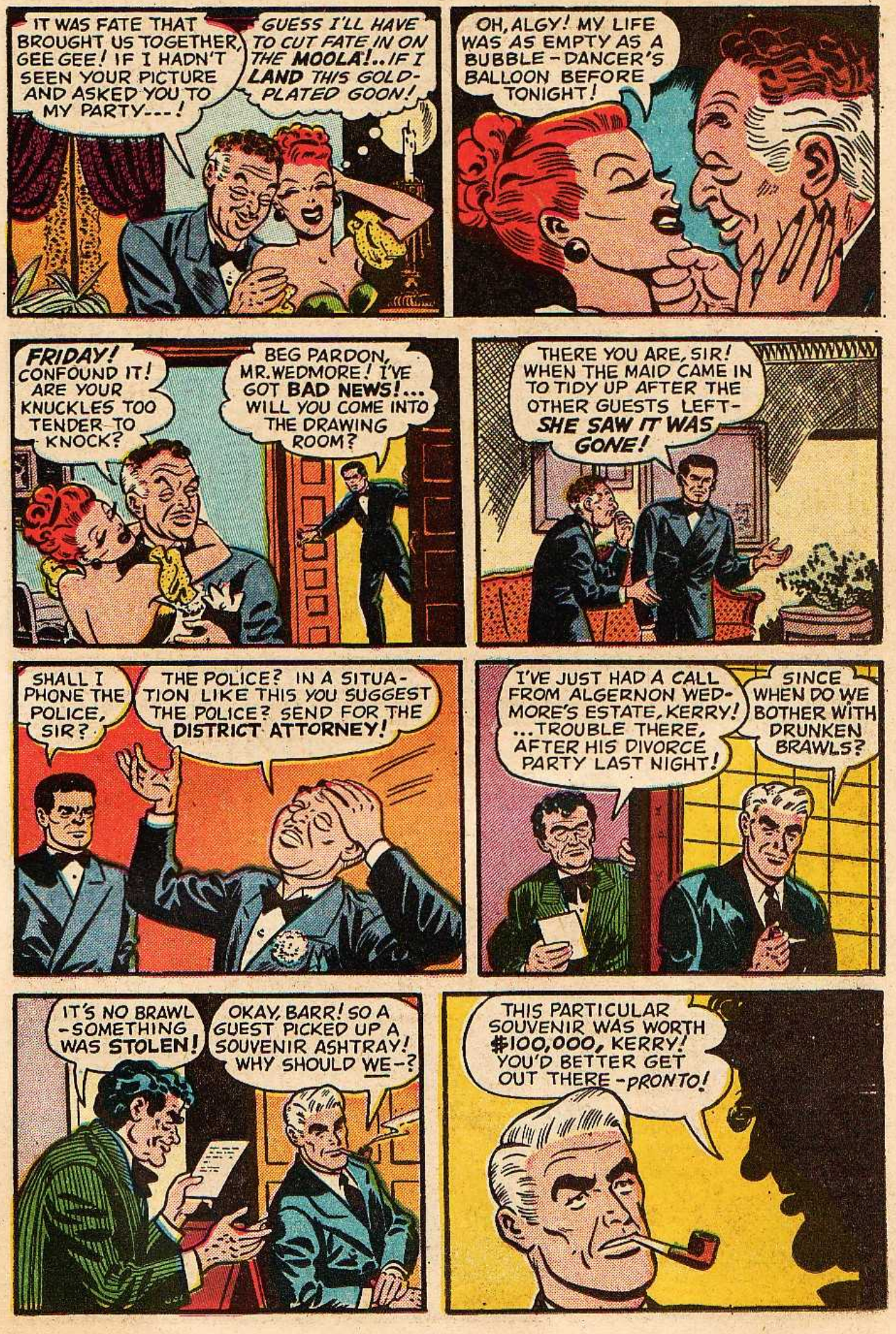
MISS GEE GEE STRING!
EXCUSE ME, DOLLIES! SEE Y'ALL LATER! MUCH LATER!

IT WAS SUPER-SWEET OF YOU TO ASK ME TO STAY--AFTER THE PARTY, MR. WEDMORE!
BETWEEN FRIENDS, GEE GEE---GOOD FRIENDS..THE NAME IS ALGY!

BUT...WE HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN INTRODUCED, ALGY!
NO?--- THEN--- HAVE ONE OF MY CARDS!

WELL, GOOD-NIGHT, APPLE-DUCK!
GOOD NI-I-I-GHT, DARLIN'! SEE YOU TOMORROW!

WHEN I CAME IN TO CLEAN UP AFTER THE GUESTS LEFT, MR. FRIDAY--- I NOTICED IT WAS GONE!
WE'VE GOT TO GO TELL MR. WEDMORE...AND HE'LL SURE BLOW HIS TOP!


IT WAS FATE THAT BROUGHT US TOGETHER, GEE GEE! IF I HADN'T SEEN YOUR PICTURE AND ASKED YOU TO MY PARTY---!
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CUT FATE IN ON THE MOOLA!.. IF I LAND THIS GOLD-PLATED GOON!
OH, ALGY! MY LIFE WAS AS EMPTY AS A BUBBLE-DANCER'S BALLOON BEFORE TONIGHT!
FRIDAY! CONFOUND IT! ARE YOUR KNUCKLES TOO TENDER TO KNOCK?
BEG PARDON, MR. WEDMORE! I'VE GOT BAD NEWS!... WILL YOU COME INTO THE DRAWING ROOM?
THERE YOU ARE, SIR! WHEN THE MAID CAME IN TO TIDY UP AFTER THE OTHER GUESTS LEFT- SHE SAW IT WAS GONE!
SHALL I PHONE THE POLICE, SIR?
THE POLICE? IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS YOU SUGGEST THE POLICE? SEND FOR THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY!
I'VE JUST HAD A CALL FROM ALGERNON WEDMORE'S ESTATE, KERRY! ...TROUBLE THERE, AFTER HIS DIVORCE PARTY LAST NIGHT!
SINCE WHEN DO WE BOTHER WITH DRUNKEN BRAWLS?
IT'S NO BRAWL-SOMETHING WAS STOLEN!
OKAY, BARR! SO A GUEST PICKED UP A SOUVENIR ASHTRAY! WHY SHOULD WE-?
THIS PARTICULAR SOUVENIR WAS WORTH #100,000, KERRY! YOU'D BETTER GET OUT THERE-PRONTO!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, PARTNER!

Bill is holding his new No. 111, 1000-Shot RED RYDER CARBINE —Daisy's cowboy carbine.

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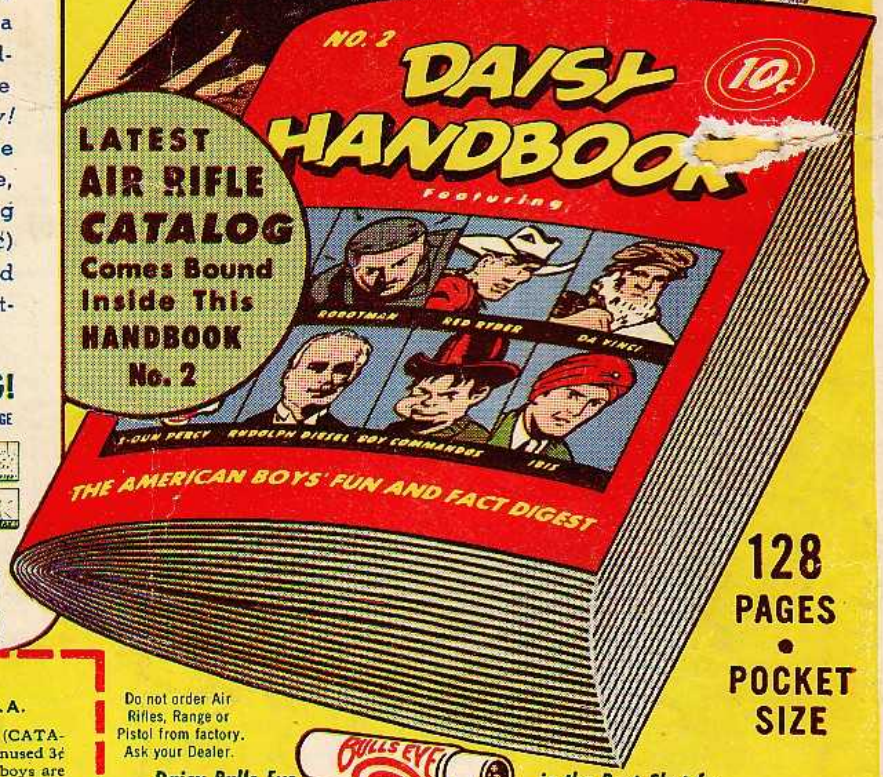

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COME ON, MR. WEDMORE! WAKE UP! THE MAN FROM THE D.A.'S OFFICE IS ON HIS WAY!
HELP!! I CAN'T SEE! I'M BLIND! I'M CHOKING!
TAKE IT EASY, SIR! YOU'RE STILL WEARING YOUR SLEEPING EYE SHADE AND CHIN REDUCER! ...THAT'S ALL!
KERRY DRAKE ..FROM THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE!
DRIVE RIGHT UP TO THE HOUSE, SIR! MR. WEDMORE IS EXPECTING YOU!
THAT'S LIFE FOR YOU! A RICH PLAYBOY HAS MORE GUARDS THAN A PRESIDENT!
I'M FRIDAY—MR. WEDMORE'S MAN! HE WILL SEE YOU SOON! JUST MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME!
THANKS! THAT WON'T BE EASY!
MR. DRAKE IS HERE, SIR!... ABOUT THE MISSING PICTURE!
OH, THAT?.. TELL HIM TO WAIT-- AND PLUG IN MY SUN-LAMP, FRIDAY!
YOU'VE BEEN UNDER THE SUN LAMP FOR 20 MINUTES, MR. WEDMORE! BETTER GO EASY!
I WANT A GOOD TAN, FRIDAY! GEE GEE STRING SAID I LOOKED PALE LAST NIGHT!
HERE'S YOUR RAW EGGS AND TOMATO JUICE, SIR!
GOOD! READ ME TODAY'S LYNCHELL COLUMN WHILE I DRINK BREAKFAST! DOES HE MENTION MY PARTY? AND GEE GEE?
BUT--THAT CHAP FROM THE D.A. IS WAITING, SIR! ---ABOUT THE STOLEN PAINTING!
HE CAN WAIT! MY TAXES HELP PAY HIS SALARY, DON'T THEY?
GREAT!.. HALF AN HOUR SHOT ALREADY
MORE STEAM, FRIDAY! I'M LOSING THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE! MY TAILOR SAYS HE CAN'T HIDE THE OLD FOOD-LOCKER MUCH LONGER!
LOBSTER THERMIDOR AT 2A.M. AIN'T EXACTLY A REDUCING DIET, SIR!

NOW..HELP ME ON THIS ELECTRIC BILLY GOAT!
RIDING AROUND THE ESTATE ON A REAL HORSE WOULD DO YOU MORE GOOD, MR. WEDMORE!
AND B-B-BREATHE F-FRESH AIR? GAD, MAN! AFTER LIVING ON STALE CIGARETTE SMOKE IN N-NIGHT C-CLUBS ALL THESE YEARS..MY L-LUNGS WOULD N-NEVER STAND THE SHOCK!
ENOUGH'S ENOUGH! IF I CAN'T RAISE SOMEONE IN THIS MUSEUM, I'M LEAVING!
BONG!
I'VE WASTED ALL THE TIME I CAN SPARE! WHEN WEDMORE IS READY TO SEE ME, HE CAN COME TO MY OFFICE!
MR. WEDMORE IS IN HIS PRIVATE BARBER SHOP! PLEASE FOLLOW ME!
MR. KERRY DRAKE..FROM THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE!
MR. WEDMORE! DO YOU WANT OUR HELP, OR NOT? OTHERWISE...
CAN'T TALK WITH A RAZOR AT MY THROAT, DRAKE! SIT DOWN! BE WITH YOU ANY TIME NOW!
MEANWHILE...
I'M SORRY, MISS STRING! BUT THE RENT'S PAST DUE ...AND SINCE YOU'VE GOT NO JOB NOW..
LISTEN, SCROOGE! I'VE GOT PLANS AN' PROSPECTS! YOU WOULDN'T EVICT THE FUTURE MRS. ALGY WEDMORE, WOULD YOU?
I'VE WASTED TWO HOURS HERE, MR. WEDMORE! IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT THAT MISSING PAINTING, SAY SO!
PATIENCE, DRAKE! PATIENCE!..DON'T TAKE TOO MUCH OFF, TONY! IT'S THIN ENOUGH, ALREADY! HAND ME A MIRROR!
HERE, SIR— BETTY, LOOK OUT!
FRIDAY! YOU @X!!☆ IDIOT! SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
CRASH
PLEASE, MR. WEDMORE! YOU'RE JUST LETTING YOUR SUPERSTITIONS GET YOU EXCITED... AS USUAL!
THAT SIGN NEVER FAILS, FRIDAY!... SOMEBODY IN THIS ROOM WILL DIE!

KERRY DRAKE HAS DISCOVERED A VITAL CLUE TO THE MISSING MASTERPIECE! DO YOU SEE IT? BE SURE TO READ THE NEXT ISSUE FOR THE EXCITING SOLUTION!

HERE'S A CASE OF TREACHERY AND SUSPENSE LURKING IN THE SHADOWS OF A MILLIONAIRE'S ESTATE... AT BULLET-SPEED PACE WE PROVE THAT CRIME CAN'T WIN!

ASK FOR ISSUE 13

GEE-GEE STRING, EX-BURLESQUE QUEEN WHO SOUGHT TO MARRY....

ALGY WEDMORE, THE MUCH MARRIED MILLIONAIRE!

TORSO STEEL, HE WANTED TO HELP HIMSELF TO 50 GRAND!

★ FROM THE ACTUAL CASE FILES OF KERRY DRAKE!

COMPLETE STORY IN ISSUE 13

PLUS THE SMASH WESTERN HIT "KITTY CARSON"

52 PAGES

HARVEY COMICS

THE HOUSE OF COMIC HITS

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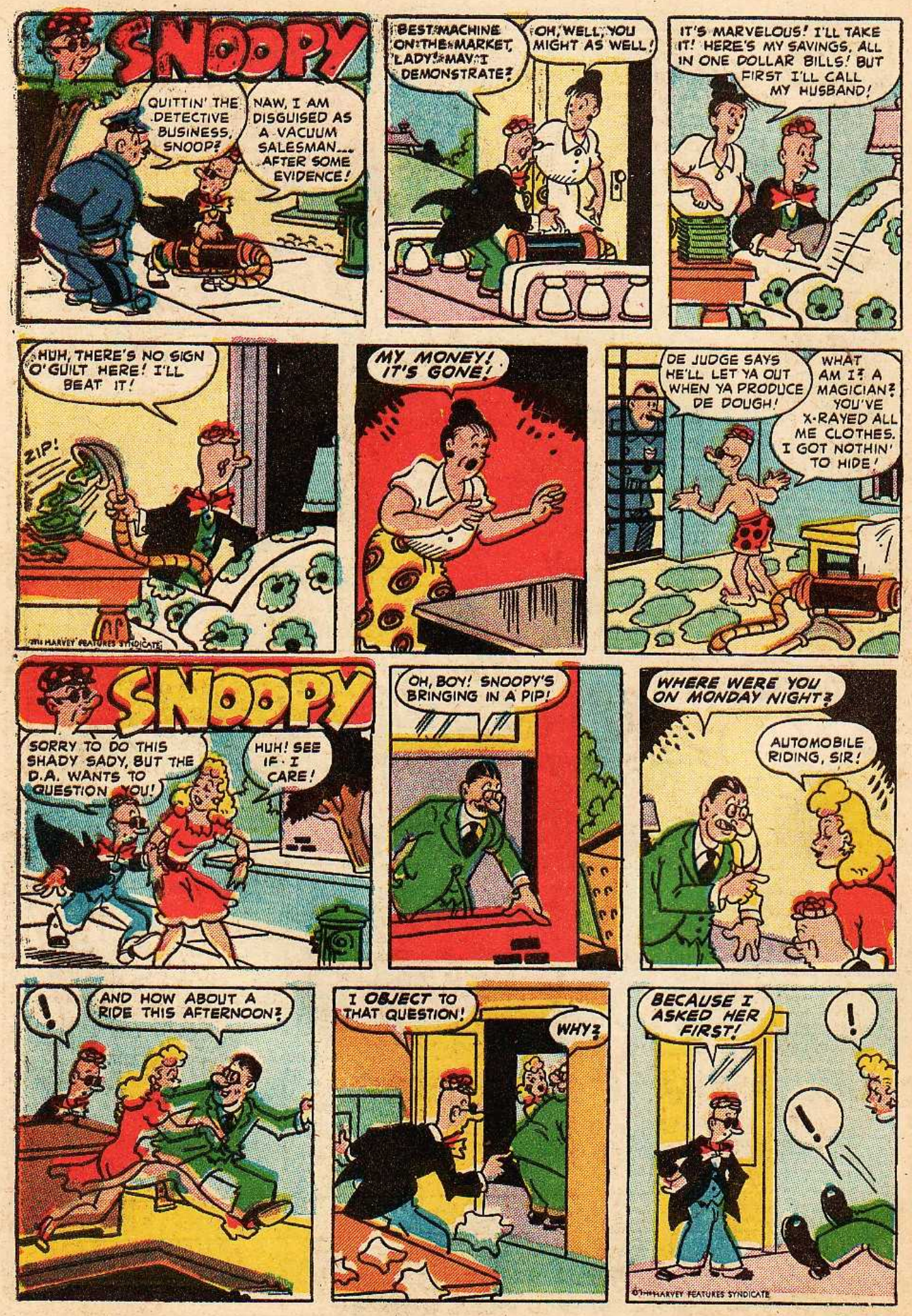
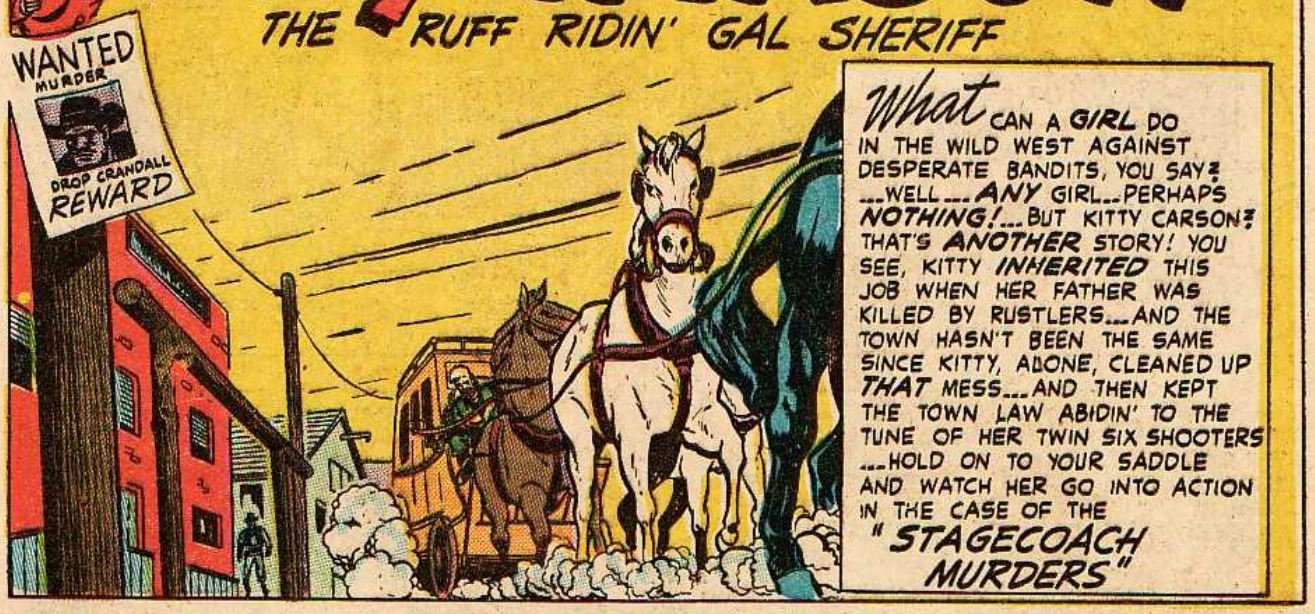
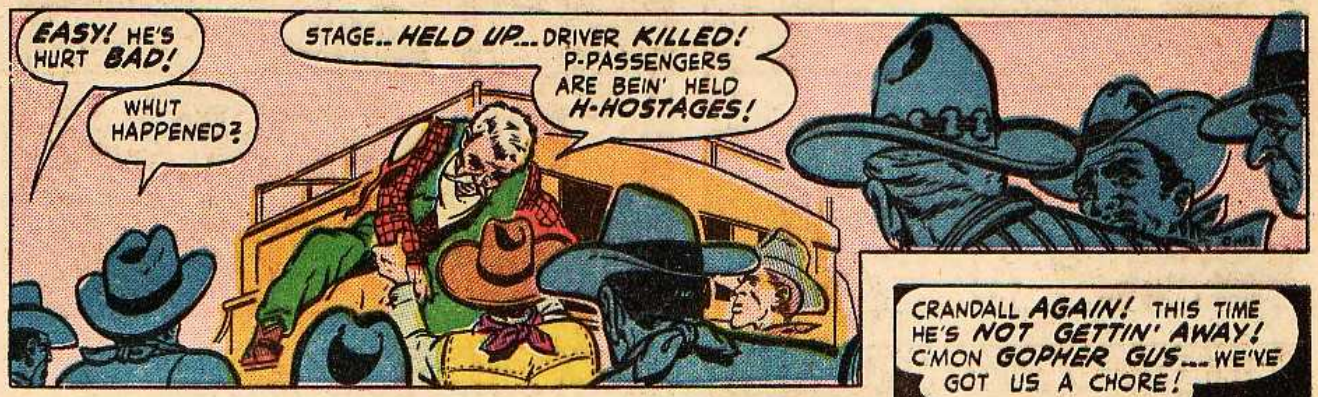
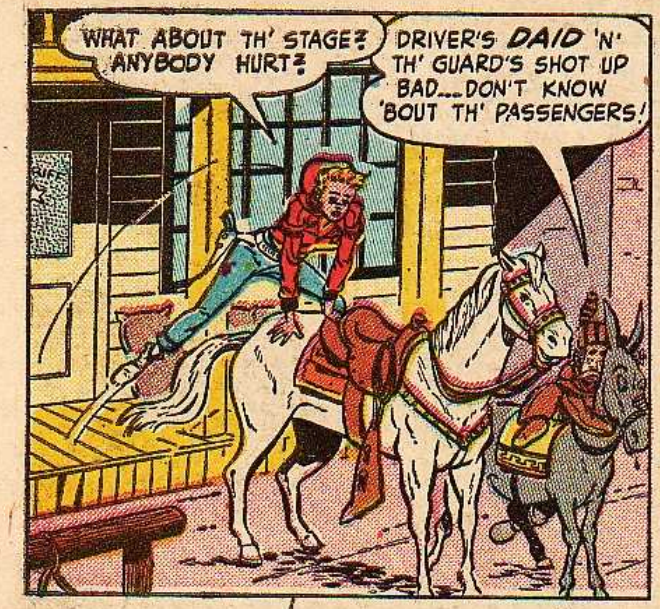

SNOOPY
QUITTIN' THE DETECTIVE BUSINESS, SNOOP?
NAW, I AM DISGUISED AS A VACUUM SALESMAN... AFTER SOME EVIDENCE!
BEST MACHINE ON THE MARKET, LADY! MAY I DEMONSTRATE?
OH, WELL, YOU MIGHT AS WELL!
IT'S MARVELOUS! I'LL TAKE IT! HERE'S MY SAVINGS, ALL IN ONE DOLLAR BILLS! BUT FIRST I'LL CALL MY HUSBAND!
HUH, THERE'S NO SIGN O'GUILT HERE! I'LL BEAT IT!
ZIP!
MY MONEY! IT'S GONE!
DE JUDGE SAYS HE'LL LET YA OUT WHEN YA PRODUCE DE DOUGH!
WHAT AM I? A MAGICIAN? YOU'VE X-RAYED ALL ME CLOTHES. I GOT NOTHIN' TO HIDE!
SNOOPY
SORRY TO DO THIS SHADY SADY, BUT THE D.A. WANTS TO QUESTION YOU!
HUH! SEE IF I CARE!
OH, BOY! SNOOPY'S BRINGING IN A PIP!
WHERE WERE YOU ON MONDAY NIGHT?
AUTOMOBILE RIDING, SIR!
!
AND HOW ABOUT A RIDE THIS AFTERNOON?
I OBJECT TO THAT QUESTION!
WHY?
BECAUSE I ASKED HER FIRST!
!
!
HARVEY FEATURES SYNDICATE

Kitty CARSON

THE RUFF RIDIN' GAL SHERIFF





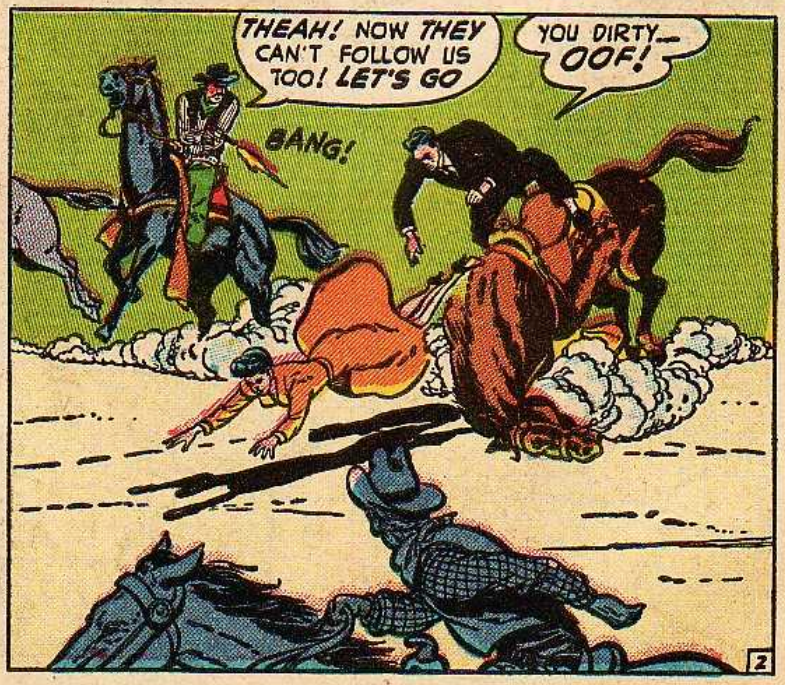

WHAT ABOUT TH' STAGE? ANYBODY HURT?
DRIVER'S DAID 'N' TH' GUARD'S SHOT UP BAD... DON'T KNOW 'BOUT TH' PASSENGERS!

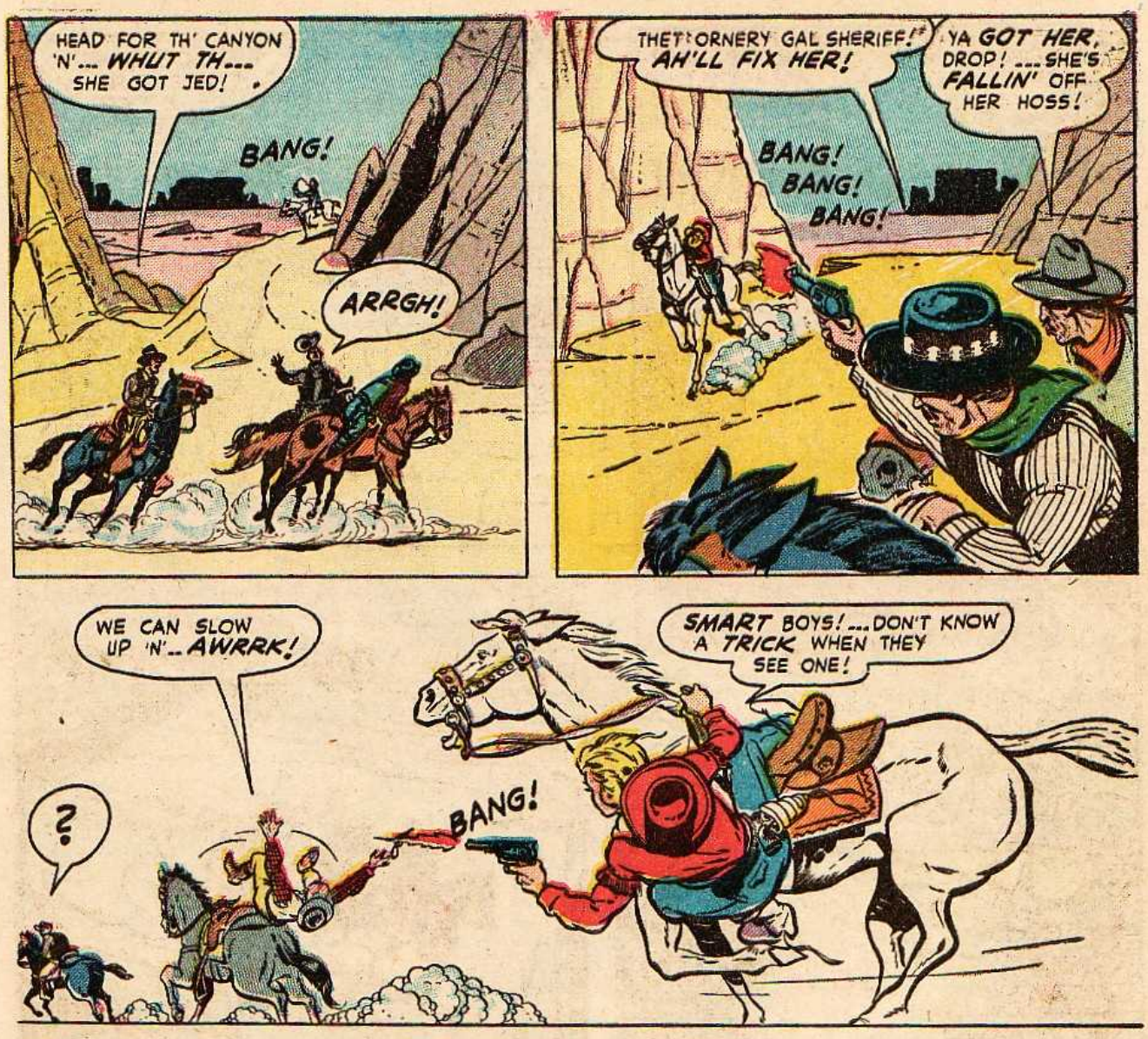
WELL WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!... PRAY WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
YEAH!... HEY! WAIT UP FER ME! GIDDAP, AMBITION!
RY GOODS

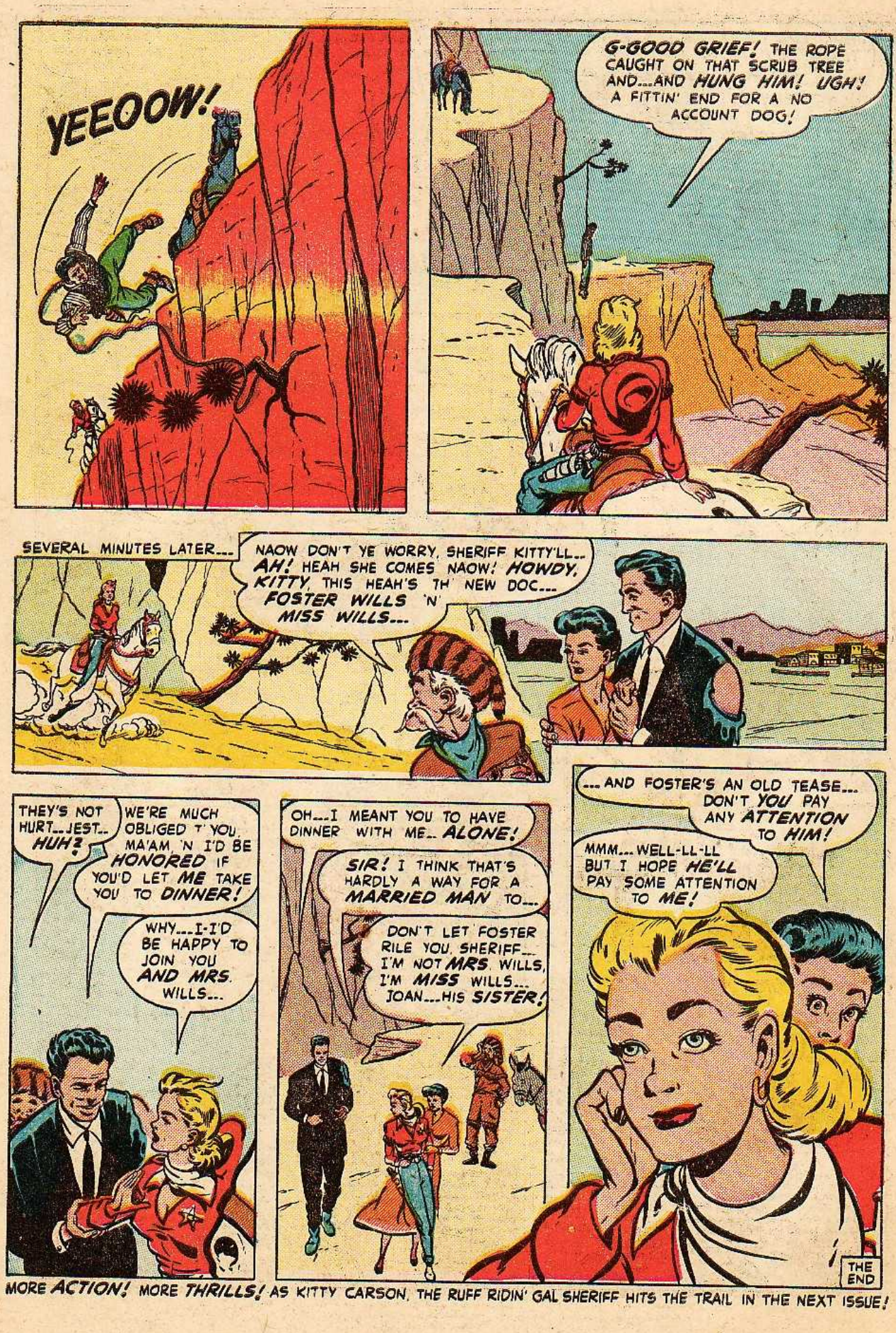
MEANWHILE...
YOU TWO SHOULD BRING A GOOD RANSOM... 'N' MEBBE... HUH? WHUT'S UP, JED?
DROP! DROP!... THAR'S SOMEONE COMIN'... AH THINK IT'S TH' SHERIFF!

THET PESKY GAL! WE'D BETTER GIT!
YEH!... GIT HOPPIN'! GIDDAP!

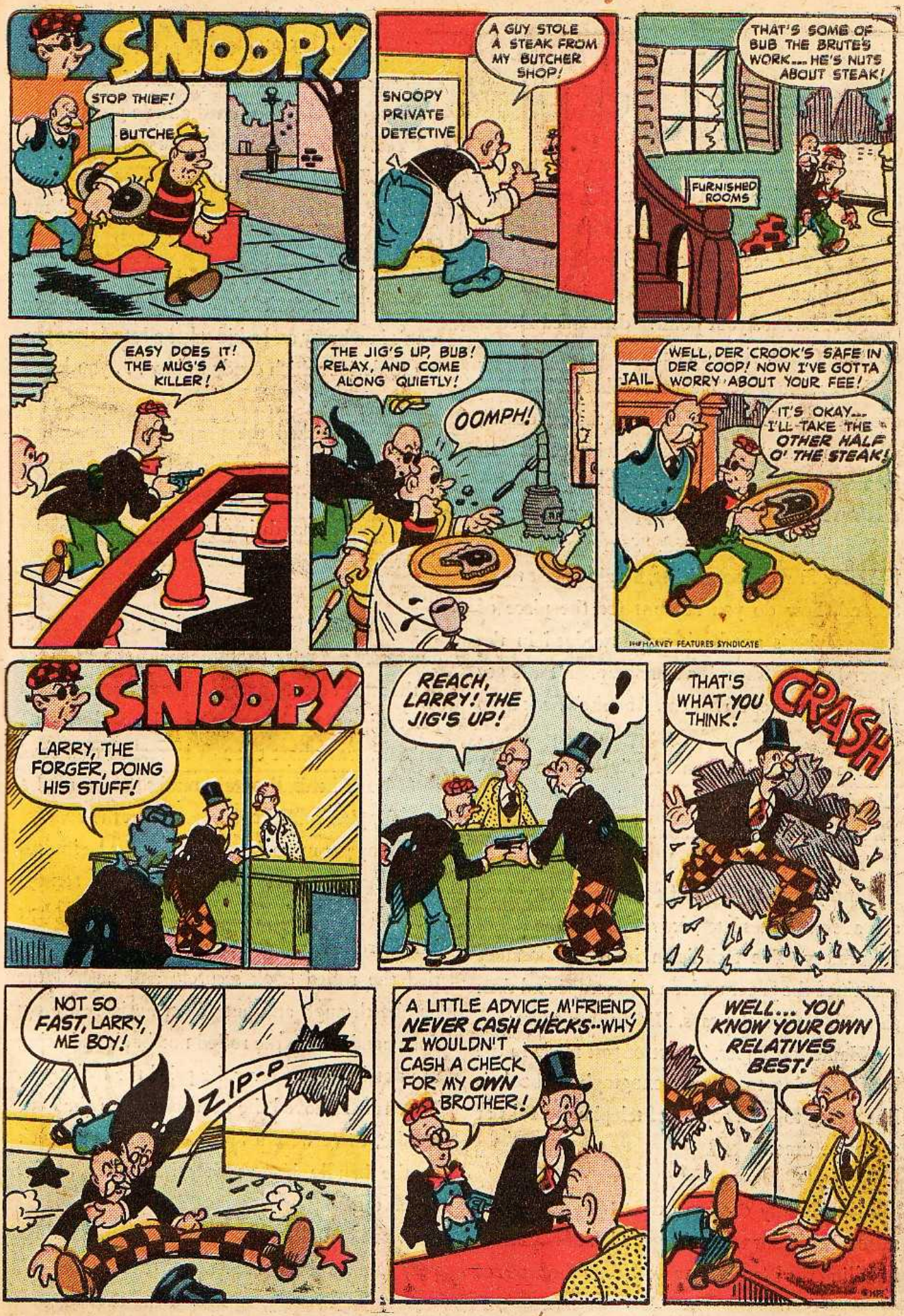
THEY'S GAININ'! DROP! THOSE HOSTAGES IS HOLDIN' US UP TOO MUCH!
YEAH! AH GOTTA WAY OF FIXIN' THET TOO... AH'LL SHOOT THEIR HOSS...


THEAH! NOW THEY CAN'T FOLLOW US TOO! LET'S GO
YOU DIRTY— OOF!
BANG!
2


HEAD FOR TH' CANYON 'N'... WHUT TH... SHE GOT JED!
BANG!
ARRGH!
THET ORNERY GAL SHERIFF! AH'LL FIX HER!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
YA GOT HER, DROP! ... SHE'S FALLIN' OFF HER HOSS!
WE CAN SLOW UP 'N'... AWRRK!
?
BANG!
SMART BOYS!... DON'T KNOW A TRICK WHEN THEY SEE ONE!
HIS HORSE IS FASTER THAN MINE... I'LL HAVE TO TRY AND ROPE 'IM!
GOT 'IM! NOW... OH! THE ROPE BROKE!
3



MORE ACTION! MORE THRILLS! AS KITTY CARSON, THE RUFF RIDIN' GAL SHERIFF HITS THE TRAIL IN THE NEXT ISSUE!


SNOOPY
STOP THIEF!
BUTCHE
A GUY STOLE A STEAK FROM MY BUTCHER SHOP!
SNOOPY PRIVATE DETECTIVE
THAT'S SOME OF BUB THE BRUTE'S WORK.... HE'S NUTS ABOUT STEAK!
FURNISHED ROOMS
EASY DOES IT! THE MUG'S A KILLER!
THE JIG'S UP, BUB! RELAX, AND COME ALONG QUIETLY!
OOMPH!
JAIL
WELL, DER CROOK'S SAFE IN DER COOP! NOW I'VE GOTTA WORRY ABOUT YOUR FEE!
IT'S OKAY... I'LL TAKE THE OTHER HALF O' THE STEAK!
HARVEY FEATURES SYNDICATE
SNOOPY
LARRY, THE FORGER, DOING HIS STUFF!
REACH, LARRY! THE JIG'S UP!
!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
CRASH
NOT SO FAST, LARRY, ME BOY!
ZIP-P
A LITTLE ADVICE M'FRIEND, NEVER CASH CHECKS--WHY I WOULDN'T CASH A CHECK FOR MY OWN BROTHER!
WELL... YOU KNOW YOUR OWN RELATIVES BEST!

THE FATAL CLUE

"That's the car!" Detective Jimmy Burroughs stated emphatically. "A 1943 model, engine serial number, as reported by Dora Withers. But it's been painted blue and no 1943 model was ever painted blue."

"So . . . what's your point?" demanded Detective Bob Clark, Jimmy's partner.

Jimmy shrugged. "Neat car robbery job, fooled everyone but for the color. Even the car dealer, who's an honest guy—bought it without suspecting it was stolen. Perfect job—blue painting—those are the earmarks of Slippery Sam Stall."

"Oh bosh," Bob snorted. "Sam couldn't do it because of two reasons. First, his alibi is air tight. Second, how do you account for the piece of stenographer's notebook paper wedged in the door? Dora Withers is a stenographer. She's got a lot of insurance on her car. And she's neck deep in debt."

"I'm still banking on Sam," Jimmy replied. "Anyhow here's our job. You tail Dora Withers. I'll find out what I can about the piece of paper."

"All right," Bob agreed.

Jimmy put the piece of paper in an envelope and a few minutes later, drove down to the Police Laboratory. The technician in the Laboratory examined the paper under a microscope and then through ultra-violet rays. His diagnosis was:

"Hamerton Paper. The strongest made in the U.S.A. Trying to tear a stenographer's book is like trying to rip a couple of telephone books at the same time."

"Good."

Next Jimmy drove to the Hamerton Paper sales office, from whom he got a list of city stores handling the brand. They were only three out of a possible thousand. Then, armed with a Rogue's Gallery photo of Slippery Sam, Jimmy visited each store. The first two could not identify Sam, neither could the third until a little girl said:

"Yes . . . that man was here. He was in an awful hurry. Wanted to buy a notebook or somethin' and was sore at me 'cause I was choosin' my candy."

Then the store proprietor remembered. "Oh yes, that's him. A little rude maybe, but when a man's in a hurry and a kid takes a lot of time trying to decide which candy to buy . . . you know how it can be."

Jimmy thanked the proprietor. Through a stool pigeon, he learned where Slippery Sam was hiding and arrested him. He kept mum until the trial began a month later, much to the District Attorney's dismay because evidence was pretty slim.

Jimmy took the stand, and at the D.A.'s request, told the story, beginning with the discovery of the stolen car, Slippery Sam's trade marks of a perfect job plus a blue coat of paint, and then . . .

"Sam was smart enough to realize that steel tools leave behind telltale marks. So he used a stenographer's notebook to pry open the door.

Jimmy got up to demonstrate. First he invited a juryman to try to tear a Hamerton stenographer's notebook. The juror could not. Next Jimmy rolled the book around a tool handle. He tied the rolled book securely and pushed the handle through and out. Then he jabbed a car door handle with the rolled notebook and using the notebook as a lever, he pried the lock open. When he removed the notebook from the door handle, there were a few pieces of paper stuck in the handle just as they had stuck to the stolen car.

When confronted by the demonstration, Slippery Sam lost his nerve and confessed.

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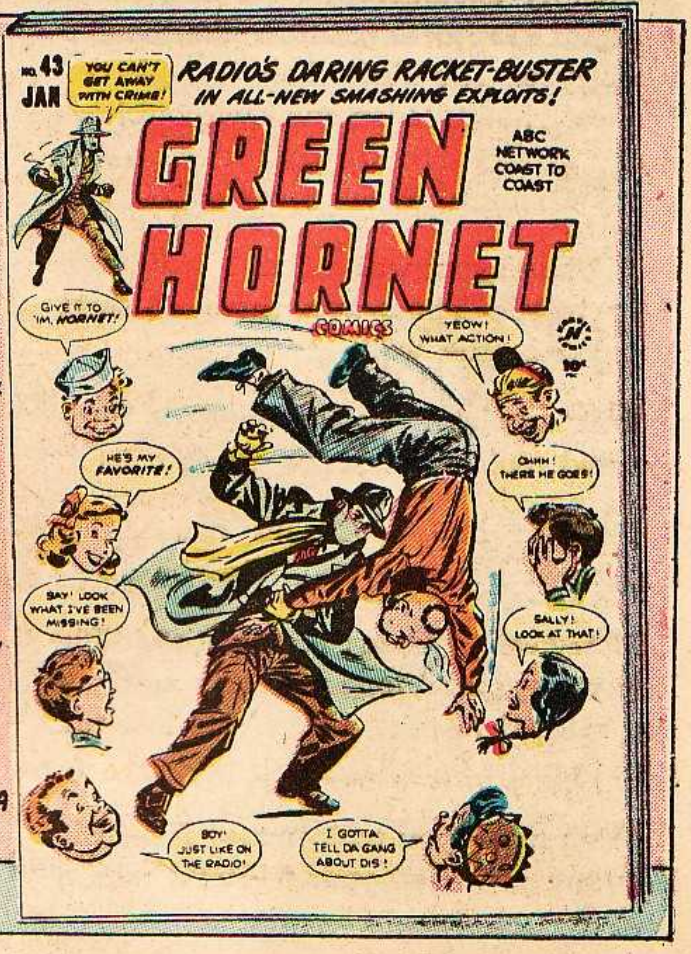


SILENT BETRAYAL

"Now wait a minute," said Detective Lieutenant Johnny O'Brien of the 4th Detective District — the famed Broadway Squad. "You said you shot him in self-defense?"

"Yeah, that's right," snapped Barry Boston, the crooked fight promoter, who had always been too smart to let the Law catch up with him. "Big Boy comes in and . . . "

"One thing at a time," O'Brien interrupted. "Wait a minute."

The lieutenant knelt beside the body of the dead man, Big Boy Hanrahan. The one-time Broadway gambler was lying on his back, coat open to expose his empty shoulder holster, which was strapped in reverse position, like the Old West type. The bullet hole had pierced his heart, and O'Brien knew without having to extract the slug, that it was a .32. Barry Boston's revolver was a Colt .32.

Big Boy's gun was a Smith & Wesson .38 revolver. There were three .38 slugs impaled in the wall.

O'Brien picked up the Smith & Wesson and replaced it in Big Boy's holster.

He rose and wiped his hands. He nodded at Barry Boston, "Go ahead."

Barry said, " 'Tain't no secret that Big Boy was gunnin' for me on account my boy refused to take a dive. He lost ten grand on the fight."

"You mean you took money from Big Boy and promised your fighter'd take a dive . . . and doublecrossed Big Boy to win betting money?" O'Brien said wearily.

Barry flushed and shrugged. "Well it's the game."

"All right. Go on."

"Big Boy comes in and starts to raise a ruckus . . . " Barry continued.

"He came into *his own apartment?*"

"Well, he called me here and he wasn't in. So I decide to wait. You can check that with his hoods. They saw that . . ."

"It isn't important. Go on with the main story."

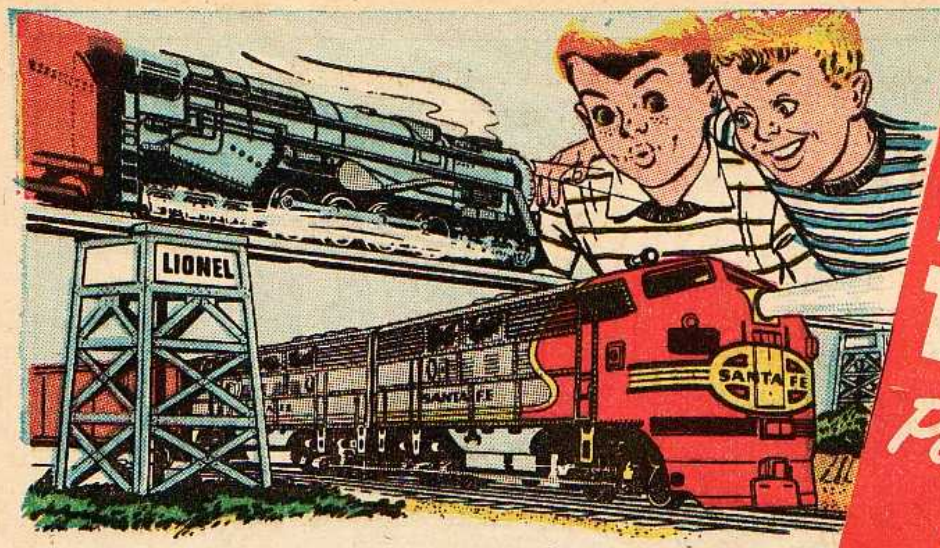
"It's the truth. He starts to raise a ruckus an' pulls his rod an' starts firin'. His aim ain't so good on account he drinks too much. An' I let him have it with my roscoe before he drills me."

"People heard those shots . . . and they agree with you since you didn't take a powder," O'Brien commented.

"Why should I?" Barry challenged. "It's self-defense, ain't it?"

"No, it's plain MURDER!" O'Brien said tiredly. "Just take a gander at his holster. It's strapped on backwards, so he couldn't have reached for his gun *in a hurry*. What's more, an experienced gun hound like Big Boy wouldn't have been so careless. All right, you shot him first when he wasn't armed. And you drilled the holes in the wall with Big Boy's gun. You strapped on his holster too fast . . . not knowing that modern shoulder holsters can't be used backwards, like in the Old West. Right?"

"Right!"



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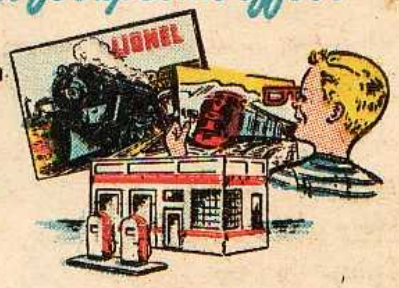

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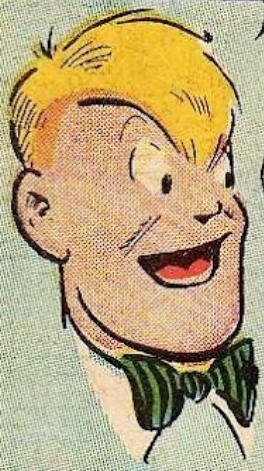

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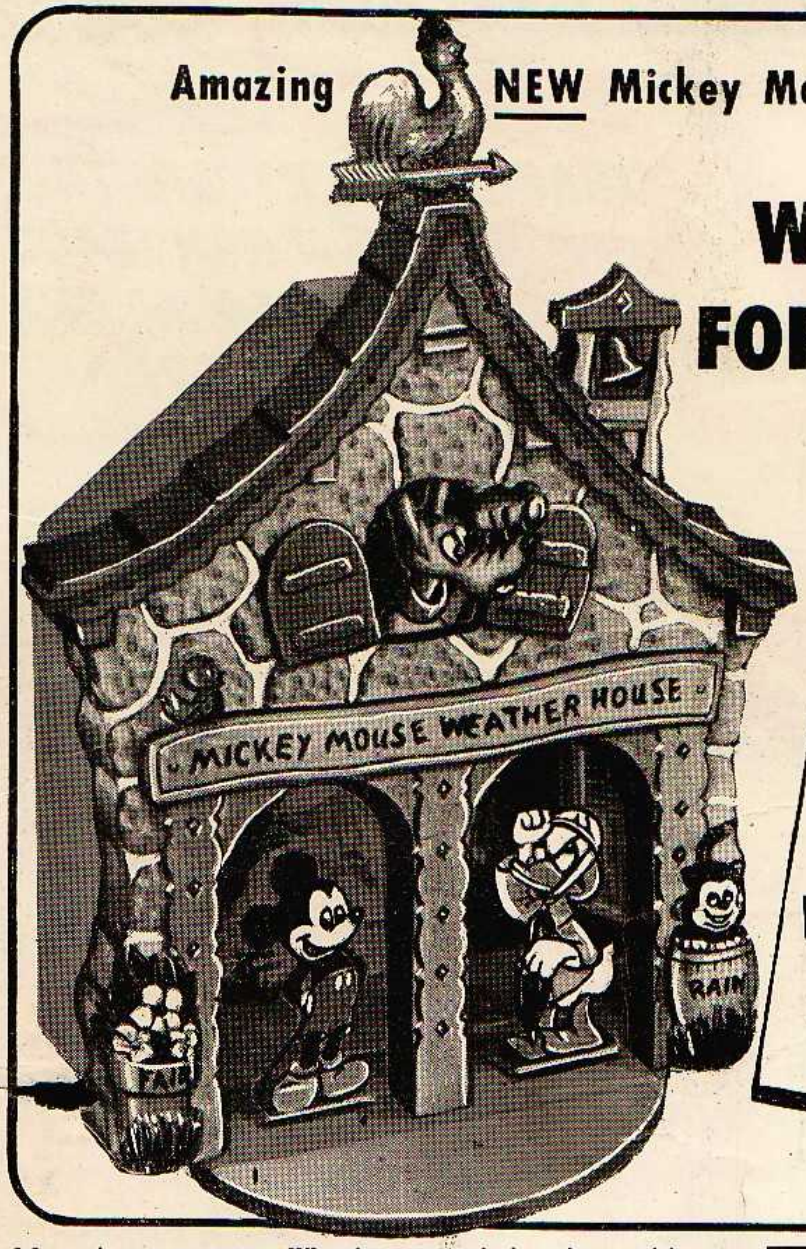

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